The People's Press.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One Copy one year, ... $1.50
" " six months, ...75
" " three " 40

The People's Press.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, the Markets and General Information.

VOL. XXIX. SALEM N. C., NOVEMBER 17, 1881. NO. 45.

JOB PRINTING

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By the River.

River, oh river, that singeth all night,
Nor waitest for light
To pour out thy mirth
Along the chill earth,
The words of thy song let me know.—
"I come, and I go."

River, oh river, with swell and with fall,
Thy musical call
Waketh, summoneth me;
What thought is in thee
That lulls me, yet rouses me so?—
"I come, and I go."

River, oh river, a word thou must give
To help me to live.—
"Then sing on thy way;
Sing the joy of To-Day—
Time's ripple, Eternity's flow.
I come, and I go."

River, oh river, thy message is clear.
Chant on, for I hear.—
"What the mountains give me
Bear I forth to the sea.
Life only is thine to bestow.
I come, and I go."

River, oh river, thy secret of power
I win from this hour:
Thy rhythm of delight
In my song in the night:
I am glad with thy gladness; for, lo!
I come, and I go.

—*Lucy Larcom, in Harper's Magazine.*

A DEAD YEAR.

"I took a year out of my life and story,
A dead year—and I said, 'I will build thee a tomb.'"

Honeysuckle was wreathed about the window, but its straying branches, gemmed with "arabesques of balm," only made a lovely frame for the two young heads that were always to be found at this hour bent over their books. I used to stroll half unconsciously to a coigne of vantage in the garden and watch them—my little sister Nest, with her tumbled bronze curls, and her German teacher's small graceful head, with its crown of gold. I had spoken to her but seldom, still I knew by heart the uplifting of those calm-lidded forget-me-not eyes, the face with its pure coloring, the slender and lithe young form in its dull blue dress, with the tiny lace ruffle on the round white throat, and the sweet mouth with its wistful smile now and then at my sister's odd blunders. I found a strange pleasure in meeting her as if by accident as she left, and noting the faint roseleaf flush stealing up into her pale cheek. I would have been at a loss to account for the sadness of such a young face, but Nest had told me that she was all alone in this new land where her father had brought her, and my heart was touched at the thought.

"She has told me about her father so much," chattered Nest, "he was such a wonderful man—like a wizard, I should think—but he was only a doctor Hilda says. She thinks the doctors in Germany know more than ours—at least she is sure her father did."

"Poor child!" I said.

"Do you know," whispered Ernestine, with an air of mystery, "that there is something very curious about Hilda—she forgets things!"

I laughed outright. "Scarcely a peculiarity in—" I began.

"Oh, now wait. I mean very important things. Now, she was in Germany when the war broke out with France, and I wanted to know all about it. Well, do you believe, she couldn't tell me anything, not the least fact!" and Nest looked very serious and wise.

"What did she say about it?"

"Oh, that she forgot. Now, Malcom, you know when our native land is in peril we don't forget."

My little sister was quite patriotic, and it seemed to her a phenomenon that one should not have a thorough knowledge of all that regarded one's own country.

"Oh, well, she might have been at a convent school, or—"

"That's the strange thing about it."

"What?"

"She don't know where she was!"

I own I was somewhat startled by this announcement.

"Does she say so?"

"She says she don't recollect."

"Perhaps she has had brain fever and forgotten the past."

"No, she remembers all the past very well."

"Except how long?"

"One year—the year of the war. She seems troubled about it, too."

"Then you must not dwell upon it," I said. "You don't want to annoy her?"

"No, I love her—I love her dearly!" said Nest, flying off after a very tempting black velvet butterfly with golden trimming on its polonaise.

I felt like echoing my little sister's sentiments, and then I smiled in scorn of myself. How could I love a woman of whose mind and heart I knew nothing—I who had always raved about sympathy of soul.

I could not explain it as I paced the garden walks. It was fate—fore-ordination, perhaps; but one thing I knew—It was a fact—I loved my sister's teacher, Hilda Blumenthal, with a feeling I never experienced before, and I suddenly discovered that the German language would be exceedingly necessary to me in my profession.

I used to sit and study the girl's face, and I found it very puzzling. Innocent, angelic as it was, there were strange experiences of pain written upon it. It did not seem like the face of one who had only turned over a few of youth's white pages in the book of life, but rather as if she had looked into many a blotted and blurred one—blotted with tears, blurred by the soul's agony into a mist. I can scarcely explain how from the eyes, so blue and childlike, something seemed at times to look out with unutterable experiences from their depths; lurking there like some wild spirit that could not quite be laid. It is in vain to try and explain it, but it would come over me with a sudden agony at times that once some one had held the fair white hands clasped so listlessly in her lap, that the kiss of love had some time been laid on that sweet, pathetic mouth.

I think that feeling came over me the most painfully just after the fullness of joy when it was my hand that clasped hers, my lips that had touched hers as reverently as if she had been a saint.

"Darling," I said, "did you ever care for any one before?"

"Never," she answered, promptly, in a tone of sweet content; "and I am glad, Malcom. I'm sure I could not love twice."

"So no one ever held you to his heart as I am doing?" I questioned.

"No, no. Why do you ask?"

"Because I am a jealous monster," I said, with a laugh; "because I would not have a thought or a memory dwell on any one else."

"Ah, well, you shall be satisfied. Only you will not mind if I think of my father and remember him?"

"Oh, no, my pet. I am not so unreasonable."

"He would be so glad that his child had found so good, so true a man to protect her," she said, tears dimming her sweet eyes. "Ah, if he could have lived to have seen this day! You would have revered him, Malcom. He was full of wisdom. He had wonderful learning and wonderful power. He was a doctor, you know, and he could do as much for the mind as the body. I will show you his papers some time—his diary—and then you will know him better. I can't bear to look at them myself, but I long for you to know something of him. And he died—oh, so suddenly—in a moment!"

I could not feel such an intense interest in the dead doctor as my dear girl seemed to expect, but I feigned it for her sake, and a few days afterward took the package of papers as reverently as she gave them, promising myself that I really would look through them some time. But I know I thought more at that moment of the knot of lilies-of-the-valley at my darling's throat—and how virginal and pure she looked—and I wondered if ever on God's earth a saintlier soul had looked out of the eyes of a woman. And yet, sometimes, I seemed to catch vanishings of a world of thought and feeling remote from me—a region where I had not entered, where I did not belong. One day I suddenly remembered Nest's confidence to me, and it occurred to me to test it.

"Were they very much disturbed in Heidelberg that summer the war broke out?" I asked.

She flushed and hesitated.

"How home—weren't you?"

"I—I can't remember," she said, in a constrained voice.

"Why, it is only five years ago, my pet; don't your memory go back for five years?"

"Oh, further than that," she said, quickly; "but Malcolm, I have been puzzled about it very often. I will tell you, there is just that one year I cannot remember anything about."

Great heaven! could it be that she had lost her reason during that time and been in an insane asylum? The thought came to me like a flash of electric light, and thrilled me with pain. Was there the taint of insanity in my darling's blood? The doubt stung me. How else could she have lost a year out of her life?

"Were you sick or sad when you remember your life again?"

"Oh, no; we were full of hope about the new country, for we were coming here."

"And did you ever talk to your father about it?"

"My dear Malcom, would you believe it that I never discovered till lately that a year had slipped out of my life in such a mysterious manner? It was fixing dates about the war that did it, and then poor papa was in the churchyard."

And she looked so sad that I kissed her, saying:

"Never mind about the lost year, darling. I will make the coming years so bright that you will soon forget it."

"I don't care for it now, if you don't," she whispered, with her head upon my shoulder; "only it makes me strange, unlike other girls."

"So you are unlike them!" I exclaimed, in a lover's rhapsody; "so much sweeter and purer and saintlier," and so on through the rosary of love.

But still, once in a while, like a discord among the sweet notes, the thought of that year would recur to me. I knew all my darling's life, all her pure, sweet thoughts, and I grew jealous of those closed and sealed pages in a very unreasoning way.

One night, a week before our wedding day, which was fixed in the rosy month of June, I sat at my window idly looking out into the moonlit garden, when a thought struck me—the diary—why had I not thought of it before? Surely that would throw some light upon this year. I own I did not take it up without a thrill, as if I were disturbing some dead and buried sorrow. I had a very curious sensation about it, a cold chill creeping over me, as if I were entering a grave. And was I not about to interrogate the dead about the living? I turned over the pages without interest till I came to a certain date, and even then I was not thoroughly interested till I saw Hilda's name as follows:

"July 12.—I'm glad Hilda likes her school. It was a struggle to let her go, but best that she should not spend her young life with an old man so absorbed in science. She is out of the way of lovers, too, and will be better guarded. I began to fear an interest in young Von Eberstein — dissipated young spendthrift as he is, has just the kind of romantic appearance, with his large melancholy dark eyes, that would fascinate my fair little girl. But Madam Gerhard will look after all this—the child is only sixteen—too young to think of love, and I would rather lay her in her grave than give her to Von Eberstein—she knows it, too.

"August 2.—I am drawing near to a wonderful discovery, and I tremble as one who stands on the shore of the infinite at this new shell of knowledge that I have picked up. Why should it not be that one might learn to forget. Oh, the torture of memory to the sinner, it is the hell that is the penalty of his sin. If one could—"

"Well, I did not finish on this topic. I was so eager to go on about my darling, so I hurried over the leaf till I saw her name again, and then I dropped the book paralyzed with terror, for this is what I read:

"September 30.—God in heaven have mercy! My child is gone! She went out on some little shopping expedition, they write me; she was seen walking under the trees with a young man. Ach, Himmel! I know who he was! may God Almighty punish him for ever—and that was the last. Oh, Hilda! oh, my little white dove! Oh, my heart is breaking! But I will find her! I will kill the miserable wretch, the—"

There was a sudden break here, and I could have read no more. My heart seemed to stand still, and I wondered if madness had not conjured up the whole. I passed my hand over my eyes, stared out into the moonlight at the familiar scene, took up a rosebud that Hilda had given me that evening, and dropped it again and crushed it under my heel. Was she so false and such a consummate actress, too? How innocent, how guileless. Ah! my brain burned and every pulse beat painfully, but I picked up the book again. Perhaps there was some mistake. I must know the worst. There was a long hiatus—no entry till—

"January 31.—Thank heaven! I have found her—so miserable, so abject, that I have only wept and taken her in my arms and whispered that, though all the world turn against her, her father's heart and home are open. She has told me the whole story—the lovers' meeting, and how he wiled her away with lies about a priest waiting, and his mother's wedding-ring. No one would know my girl now, and no one shall have a chance to see her; the neighbors do not know she is in the house. But when I find the accursed villian who has wrecked her life—"

Here followed the most blood-curdling threats and vows, but I could not read them, I hurried on.

"February 10.—I do not write much here now—what have I to tell? I have forgotten all the other wrecks of humanity in the one that sits beside my hearth, looking with listless eyes on all. I cannot rouse her to anything. Life seems at an end for her. The horror, the amaze, seems to have turned her to stone, and in this marble image a heart pulses painfully, a brain dazed, yet forever recurring, in terrible monotone, to one experience, throbs on. My God, I must do something! I waken each day with a horror that I shall find her dead by her own hand! She was so white a thing. Oh, God! Thou knowest that she shudders at herself.

"March 20.—I laid the first snowdrop of the year in her hands this morning, and she burst into tears. She has always loved flowers so much, my poor little girl. Last year she gathered them herself, and they crowned her their Queen of May. Oh, my God! if she could forget!

"March 25.—If she could but forget! Why not? I hold the key and can lock up the past at will. It is memory that is killing her. Then I will kill memory, and she will be my own pure little girl again—for she is pure. It is only the good who are tortured by memory—the evil do not suffer. It is only to paralyze, by electric shock, a certain knot of nerves, and all this misery will be wiped off, as with a sponge, from the tablet of memory. Thank God, the power is in my hands. I believe He has given it to me to save my child.

"April 10.—Oh, God in heaven, I thank Thee. It has succeeded beyond my hopes. She is growing well—rosy even—and she has forgotten! I have found my child again, and she has regained her happiness and innocence! She remembers nothing—nothing of the slow hours of despair when the burning plowshares went over her. I have tested her, I have even mentioned his name—the accursed one—and she did not know it! We are going to America, where no echo of her story can ever reach her, and we will be happy once more together."

I only looked at one entry more, which spoke of Hilda's happy smiles and tender love to the father in the strange land, and the pleasant little home that she brightened with her presence, and then there was the end very soon after. I closed the book. I knew all now, and wished that I could, like Hilda, forget. I sat motionless, not heeding whether it was night or day.

Hilda! my saint with the holy eyes! I knew why I had seen strange vanishings of expressions so hard to interpret in those eyes; why there was an inexplicable sadness about them as of eyes accustomed to tears; why her mouth held such possibilities of pain. She had not deceived me, after all. There was nothing in her past, as she knew it, that could bring a blush to her cheek.

And yet I knew, and the knowledge seemed to build up an invisible wall between us—a gulf that I could see although she could not. How could I betray her childlike trust in me? On what plea could I break the bond between us?

Her wedding-dress was made. She had shown it to me in innocent, girlish pride, and it was wreathed with white lilies-of-the-valley—as pure and as sweet as herself, I had said. I would write to her; I could not look her in the face and give her up.

No; it would be dastardly to write, to give her the stab in the dark, and not know what she suffered. After all, she had been sinned against, and the very memory of it was past, her heart was as pure as a little child's. So the reader will guess the sequel. Love conquered, and we were married. Never a more innocent, girlish face beamed beneath a bridal vail; never purer, shyer eyes were raised to receive a husband's kiss.

I was happy; only now and then a torturing thought would torment me. Could that certain tangle of nerves of which the doctor spoke ever regain its power? A paralyzed limb sometimes recovers a feeble motion. What a horror if the slumbering brain woke and the terrible past, with all its hideousness, should dawn suddenly upon my Hilda!

I found her as good, as gentle, as I had dreamed, with a tender, loving heart, and quick, generous impulses. We did not go to Germany on our wedding journey, although she urged it, and it was my first negative to her wishes. I was afraid—afraid of an echo from the past.

But we went to Paris, and I dazzled my simple wife's eyes with the pretty things I bought for her. We went in and out of the grand old galleries, too, and she developed a taste for the old masters, and a knowledge of art that charmed me. Each day seemed to bring up from the clear pellucid waters of this young life some "pearl of purest ray serene" that I accepted with new delight.

One day we had gone back to our hotel weary of the day's work, although it had been all pleasure. I did not notice the unusual crowd at the entrance, being somewhat absorbed in my own thoughts, when I felt Hilda's grasp on my arm.

"Oh, poor man!" she cried, "he must be terribly hurt."

Then I saw that several persons were supporting a young man, with a ghastly, death-like face and closed eyes, into the nearest room.

"Run over," vouchsafed a stranger near—"must have been blind or drunk."

At that moment the young man opened a pair of large, dark, melancholy eyes, and looked at us.

"Hilda! God!" he groaned; "Hilda, you are avenged!"

And he was dead.

No one seemed to notice the words—no one but I. Even Hilda, who had heard them, looked only shocked and full of pity.

"Come, we cannot help him; let us get away!" I exclaimed, shaking as one in palsy.

"How very, very sad!" said my wife, as she laid off her hat. "Perhaps he has a little wife at home, for he said 'Hilda.' There are so many Hildas. Oh, my darling! I am glad I am not that Hilda. And he looked as if he had led an evil life, though he was very handsome."

I held her close to my heart, for it seemed to me a ghostly hand was plucking her away.

I was not surprised when, on asking the name of the unfortunate man the next day, I was informed that on the letters in his pocket was this address: "Graf Rudolph von Eberstein."

"A hard nut," some one volunteered, "they say he'd swallowed three fortunes, and would have soon been in the gutter, so he slipped out of the world in good time, to save him the trouble of shooting himself."

"His name was Von Eberstein, Hilda," I said, with a wild desire to know the worst.

She was holding a bit of olive plush in her hand and working some wondrous arabesque of gold upon it.

"German, then," she said, quietly. "Malcom, won't this be pretty for a table-cover in our new home?"

Then my heart was at rest, and I thanked God and took courage. The lost year was dead and buried beyond the power of resurrection in this life.

Life Among the Icelanders.

This quaint and curious town is as odd in its way as the famous Lap city of Hammerfest, the most northern in Europe. In 1874, when they celebrated the 1000th anniversary of the foundation of their republic—two years before America made such a fuss about her little one hundred years—there has been a spirit of European innovation abroad which threatens in time to destroy the native characteristics of the place. Already the houses on the outskirts of the city begin to appear over ground, and at a glance one gets a fair idea of the place. In the past the people of Reykjavik were troglodytes, as most of the other dwellers on the island are yet. They lived in boes, or holes in the ground covered with peaked roofs, and so sodded over that at a short distance one could not tell them from the surrounding sward. In riding about the interior of the island one comes unexpectedly on these houses in the midst of the plain, without surrounding fences or anything else to give indication of a human habitation. Of all the dirty holes in the world, these native boes are the dirtiest, and how people live in them is beyond comprehension. One-half of their dirt in a temperate climate would breed pestilence. In the winter time the cattle, chickens, dogs and sheep herd together here. The boes are about twenty feet long by ten wide, and always two of them are built close together and connected by a narrow passage. In one, which has no furniture, the cooking is done at an open fire built on the ground, from which the smoke escapes, through a hole in the roof. At all times the floor of this apartment, which is on the ground, is dank and soft. This fire in winter is the only means of warmth the natives have, and so they accumulate the animals in their dwellings to borrow some of their heat. To attempt to warm a boe with one of these fires is about equivalent to trying to warm the United States with a match. The fires are of turf and seaweed, and, what with the blinding smoke emitted by the fuel, the smell of cattle, and the not sweet odor of the father, mother and litter of young brats, one imagines what a good metropolitan sewer might be. This is not the exception, but the rule; for in Iceland, as elsewhere, owing to the non-adaptability of means to ends, there are more poor people than rich.

Reykjavik proper is mostly made up of well constructed houses, as comfortable as could be wished. As with the Germans, fine linen is the ambition of every thrifty housewife, and I have dined from off damask as thick as chamois, and wiped the sparkling drops of Danish whisky from my lips with napkins as soft as Pongee silk. Some of them are proud of their pedigrees, too, and I dined with a charming lady who allowed me to stir the sugar in my tea with a silver spoon with which her honored and piratical ancestor used to mix his punch. Tea out of an iron spoon of contemporaneous manufacture has tasted quite as good. In some of the houses I saw bits of cabinet work and wood-carving that would so intensify the utterness of the adorers of broken china and dreamers in wood as to make their present ravings seem mathematical and scientific. They were all pirates here at one time, even as the Englemen, the ancestors of the English nation, were, and it so happens that unless you can reach back your pedigree to piratical times you don't belong to the aristocracy. Some of the descendants of the pirates have been so busy getting a living that they have lost the count further back than their grandfathers, and so the aristocracy here, as all the world over, is confined to those who have nothing else to do than to think of their great-grandfather's great-grandmother. Among the lower classes the women are not treated as well as one could wish, but they have some inestimable privileges. I need not enlarge on this topic. Public spirit is liberal enough to allow women to ride astride, but they have no voting capacity, and in the matter of labor they are much favored. In other respects, the people here do credit to their 1,000 years of civilization. They support five newspapers, which, for a country of 80,000 inhabitants, very scattered, is good.—*New York Herald.*

Aged 116 Years.

Centenarians in America must look to their laurels. French papers report that there is now living at Luzy, in the department of the Saone-et-Loire, an old woman who, born April 21, 1766, is now in her hundred and sixteenth year, and who is in complete possession of all her faculties. She was a daughter of one M. Pidsult, who at his death, in 1787, was a tenant of the Marquise d'Aiguilly. She has lived under the government of Louis XV., Louis XVI, the first republic in all its phases, the first empire, Louis XVIII, Charles X., Louis Philippe, the republic of 1848, the second empire, and the republic of to-day.

THE DEAD SEA.

The Weird and Wonderful Beauty of a Much Maligned Region.

The New York *Evangelist* publishes the following graphic description of the Dead sea, from the pen of Rev. Theodore Cuyler:

Our afternoon's march over the bleak treeless and brown mountains of the wilderness was inexpressibly tiresome until we came in sight of the Dead sea. It lay 2,000 feet below us—a mirror of silver, set among the violet mountains of Moab. More precipitous descents over rocks and sand brought us, by sundown, to the two towers of the most unique monastery of the globe. The famous convent of Mar Saba is worth a journey to Palestine. For thirteen centuries that wonderful structure has hung against the walls of the deep, awful gorge of the Kidron.

It is a colossal swallows' nest of stone, built to the height of 300 feet against the precipice, and inhabited by sixty monks of the Greek church—genuine Manicheans and followers of St. Saba and St. John of Damascus. No woman's foot has ever entered the convent's walls! Instead of woman's society they make love to the birds, who come and feed off the monks' hands. Every evening they toss meat down to the wild jackals in the gorge below.

At sunset I climbed over the extraordinary building—was shown into the rather handsome church, and into the chapel or cave of St. Nicholas, which contains the ghastly skulls of the monks who were slaughtered by Chosroes and his Persian soldiers—and gazed down into the awful ravine beneath the convent walls Some monks in black gowns were perched as watchmen on the lofty towers; others wandered over the stone pavements in a sort of aimless vacuity. What an attempt to live in an exhausted receiver!

The monks gave us hospitable welcome, sold us canes and woodwork, and furnished us lodgings on the divans of two large stone parlors. One of the religious duties of the brotherhood is to keep vigils, and through the night bells were ringing and clanging to call them to their religious devotions. The vermin in the lodging-rooms have learned to keep up their vigils also; and as the result our party—with one exception—had a sleepless night. I have such a talent for sleeping, and like Pat "pay attention to it" so closely that I was able to defy even the fleas and mosquitoes of Mar Saba. By daylight the next morning we heard the great iron door of the convent clang behind us like the gate of Bunyan's "Doubting Castle," and for five hours we made a toilsome descent of the desolate cliffs to the shore of the Dead sea. That much maligned sea has a weird and wonderful beauty.

We took a bath in its cool, clear waters, and detected no difference from a bath at Coney Island except that the water has such density that we floated on it like pine shingles.

No fish from the salt ocean can live in it; but it is very attractive to the eye on a hot noonday. A scorching ride we had across the barren plain to the sacred Jordan—which disappointed me sadly. At the place where the Israelites crossed and our Lord was baptised it is about 120 feet wide; it flows rapidly and in a turbid current of light stone color. In size and appearance it is the perfect counterpart of the Muskingum a few miles above Zanesville. Its useless waters ought to be turned off to irrigate its barren valley, which might be changed into a garden. For beauty the Jordan will not compare with Elijah's Brook Cherith, whose bright, sparkling stream went flowing past our lodging-place at Jericho. We lodged over night in a Greek convent (very small), and rode next morning to see the ruins of the town made famous by Joshua, Elijah, Zaccheus, and the restoration of Bartimeus to sight. Squalid Arabs haunt the sacred spot.

A Scene in the Ohio Legislature Eighty Years Ago.

Michael Baldwin, the irrepressible and incorrigible, was no more dignified, abstemious or moral in his position as speaker of the first Ohio house of representatives than he had been in former years in lesser stations. He presided over the chamber in 1803, 1804, and 1805. It is a matter of tradition that for his own pecuniary benefit, and for the entertainment of those among the legislators who had a penchant for gaming, he established in his rooms the game of "vingt-et-un," himself acting as banker and dealer, and as a matter of course winning more frequently than any of the other players. On one occasion, after much drinking and a late sitting at the gambling-table, Baldwin found himself in possession not only of all the money of his companions, but of many of their watches. In the morning the house of representatives was found to be without a quorum; but Baldwin, accustomed to heavy drinking and late hours, was in his place back of the speaker's desk. Rapping savagely with his gavel, he demanded the roll call of the house, and then sent the sergeant-at-arms out with orders to bring in the delinquent members. After an hour or so that functionary returned, followed by about a dozen members o the Ohio legislature, whose bloodshot eyes, suffused faces, unsteady, shambling steps, and general air of shamefacedness indicated the late hours they had kept and their heavy indulgences. With much austerity of manner, Baldwin reprimanded the tardy members, reminded them of the cost to which the infant State was subjected by payment of their per diems, and was proceeding to further elaborate his censure on their late arrival and the consequent delay of legislation, when one of the delinquents, exasperated beyond control, cried out: "Hold on, there, Mr. Speaker, hold on! How could we tell what time it was when the speaker of the house had all our watches?—*Harper's Magazine.*

An Immense Hammer.

The largest steam-hammer in the United States has gone into operation at Pittsburg. It weighs seventeen tons, while the anvil block under it weighs 160 tons. With a full head of steam it will strike a blow of ninety tons, but, as this tremendous weight is not always necessary in hammering, it can be made to strike as light as desired. It has a thirty-eight-inch cylinder and nine-foot stroke. The ponderous blows make the earth quake for a radius of nearly 200 yards. The big hammer is for forging steamboat shafts and other heavy work.

WISE WORDS.

Never associate with bad company. Have good company or none.

Trust not the polished stone, or smooth-tongued stranger; both are slippery.

Anticipated pleasures, in point of substance, are on a par with the joys of dreamland.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy. Self-command is the main elegance.

If there is any great and good thing in store for you, it will not come at the first or second call.

Life is hardly respectable if it has no generous task, no duties of affections that constitute a necessity of existing. Every man's task is his life-preserver.

The best part of human character is the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters, the desire to soothe and please others—minutiæ of the social virtues.

It is hard to personate and act a part long, for where truth is not at the bottom nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray itself one time or another.

He understands liberty aright who makes his own depend upon that of others. True liberty does not permit the enfranchisement of one's self through the enslavement of some one else.

Luck or chance is the nutriment that ignorance feeds to fools. The wise pursue desired ends by well defined lines of action; such a policy being founded in good sense, is often vindicated by success.

A Mistake.

It happened in a rough mining town in Colorado. There was a grand ball at the ranch of Whisky Jack, a well-known character in the "diggings," and the "elite" of the district responded to the call in full force. The party was held in a rickety old barn belonging to the host, and with a few red strips of red flannel, a grotesque accumulation of mountain roses and a row of dripping candles, the appointments of the place were perfect. My first partner in the giddy dance was the wife of the man who killed the village postmaster because he refused him a letter; she was fat, fair and forty, and danced with the grace of a cow. My next partner was the daughter of this charming pair, a young girl just bursting into the loveliness of womanhood; she was badly freckled, and sported a wart on her nose. My next partner was a blooming grass-widow, a fresh arrival; and then I rested. I began to comment on new faces in the room. My companion in this pleasant pastime was a heavy-bearded miner, uncouth, roughly dressed, tobacco slobbered and very profane. This was our first meeting and I hoped it would be the last.

"There goes a hard-looking case," I whispered, as the wife of the man who killed the postmaster sailed by.

"She's a bad 'un."

"Yes," replied the man. "I'd hate to have the critter step on me. What an elegant target she would make for a poor marksman!"

"Yes," I said, and turned my eyes on a tall, raw-boned creature sailing toward us, supported by a little man with sandy whiskers and red-top boots.

Here comes the boss."

"How?"

"The boss, I say; ain't she a lovely chimpanzee?"

"A what?"

"Chimpanzee!"

He glared at me a moment, and then reached for his revolver.

"What is a chimpanzee?" he growled, fiercely, his red eyes growing large.

I saw that I had made some mistake, and hastened to explain.

"Why—why," I stammered, backing off, "a chimpanzee is a lovely creature found in Africa—nothing so gorgeously beautiful as a chimpanzee. That is the highest compliment a lady can receive."

"Oh!" and the man looked relieved. "Yes, I think so myself, stranger; she is a lovely chimpanzee; she's my wife."

Testing Sugar.

A late issue of the Chicago *Tribune* has a long article in the local columns, exposing the adulterations which are practiced in sugar, and showing to what extent glucose is used in these adulterations. In that article a formula was given by a sugar dealer, whereby any housekeeper can instantly detect the presence of glucose, and that it may have a still wider circulation we repeat the test by which the fraud may be discovered. It is as follows:

Take a handful of mixture and drop it into a glass of cool water. Stir it a few minutes, and you will notice that the cane sugar is entirely dissolved, leaving the grape sugar undissolved at the bottom of the glass, in the form of a white, sticky substance not at all unlike starch in looks, and quite bitter to the taste. It won't do to use hot water in your test, however, for if you do the whole thing will dissolve. The test is so simple that any housekeeper can make it, and there is no reason for anybody's being deceived after discovering the fraud unless he or she proposes to be.

Greer county, Texas, has two million acres of unappropriated land.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

A convention of humorous paragraphers is talked of. The unfortunate city upon which this somber affliction will fall has not yet been named.

Mr. Mulhall, a leading English statistician, estimates that the United States is accumulating wealth at the rate of at least $2,500,000 a day, or, in round numbers, at $1,000,000,000 a year, and that all the indications point to a continuance of this condition.

Widowers will be in the ascendancy in Washington this season, as the President is a widower, the new British minister is also, and so is Mr. Allen, the Hawaiian minister, now the dean of the diplomatic corps. There are also several widowers in each house of Congress. Among the senatorial widowers are Anthony, David Davis, and Jones, of Florida. Senator Ferry is a bachelor.

A Chicago correspondent, looking over a mercantile directory for 1872, finds on the black list the entry: "Z—Guiteau, Charles J., lawyer." Turning to the definition of the letter "Z" he finds: "Z—Income uncertain and often precarious. Defer indefinite the payment of debts. Lawsuits to collect same would be useless. No credit or favors should be given."

The English postoffice authorities are trying the experiment of supplying postmen in country districts with bicycles and tricycles. This has been done particularly in Ireland, where the distances to be traversed by foot-messengers are longer than in Great Britain. The authorities are watching the experiment with a considerable degree of interest, owing to the fact that not a few casualities have occurred in the use of their new means of locomotion.

Bob Oblenis, a character of note in St. Louis, is dead. His father was a blue Presbyterian minister, his wife was from a wealthy and respected family, and his own conduct was above reproach until he was about forty. Then he killed an enemy in a street encounter, and was sent to the penitentiary for twenty years. His wife bought a residence directly across the way from the gubernatorial house in Jefferson City, and labored with governor after governor to obtain a pardon, until the seventh granted one. But Oblenis did not return to respectability. He became a gambler, and a leader of gamblers, exerting a considerable political influence in St. Louis, and amassing a fortune. He died at seventy, soon after becoming a seemingly devo Christian.

A new method of preserving grain, recently discovered in France, it is said, has proven satisfactory. The cost of preservation is less than storage in a granary, and the wheat is safe from fire, fermentation, insects and cryptogamic vegetations. The *United States Miller*, in describing this method, says that a sheet-iron cistern, which occupies little space and holds nearly 300 bushels and is worked by an air pump with a pressure gauge to indicate the degree of vacuum, comprise the whole hermetic apparatus of preservation. One important effect which results from the numerous and continuous experiments made is, according to the journal in question, that the vacuum not only kills the parasitic insects and prevents vegetation, but dries the grain at the same time. After a detention of seven months, wheat and flour inclosed in the apparatus, during experiments at Vincennes, it is reported, were withdrawn in a perfect state of preservation.

Cyclone stories are becoming as strange and improbable as those told of the gliding snake or the meek-eyed fish. The bulk of these stories comes from Kansas. The latest one is located in the vicinity of Abilene, where a mother left her infant strapped in a chair in the summer kitchen. A wind storm came up suddenly. From a dead calm a gale arose in twenty seconds. At the first warning the mother hurried to look after her child, expecting to find it quietly drinking the contents of its thumb. To her amazement and extreme horror, she saw baby and basket, pots, pans and buckets flying promiscuously along with the tornado. The wind subsided almost as quickly as it had risen, and the mother had the satisfaction of seeing the basket drop right side up in a pile of hay about 180 feet beyond the yard fence. She was much more gratified to see that the baby had sustained no serious injury. Its appetite was good immediately after the rescue.

A foreign scientific journal remarks, as a curious physiological fact, that although open-air life is so favorable to health, yet it has the apparent effect of stunting the growth in early youth. Thus, while the children of well-to-do parents, carefully housed and tended, are found to be taller for their age than the children of the poor, they are not so strong in after years; the laborer's children, for instance, who play in the lonely country roads and fields all day, whose parents lock their humble doors when leaving for work in the morning, so that their offspring shall not gain entrance and do mischief, are almost invariably short for their age; the children of working farmers exhibit the same peculiarity. After sixteen or eighteen—after years of hesitation, as it were—the lads shoot up, and become great, hulking broad fellows, possessed of immense strength. According to these statements, it would seem that indoor life forces the growth at the wrong period, and thus injures. Is it so?

An old lady in Montreal is in a position to sympathize with King Lear. She some time since divided her property among her children with the understanding that they should support her. One of them has refused to contribute, and she has been compelled to bring suit against him. No doubt she now thinks that it would have been wiser if she had kept possession of her property until her death, and then left it for her heirs to fight over. She made the mistake so common to parents of thinking that her children were all that was good, upright and honorable. It is proper and fitting that man and women should love and cherish their own, but parental affection should not blind people to the faults of their offspring. The easy unconcern with which it is assumed by many that their children require no restraints—that they are incapable of wrong-doing—has often been productive of most calamitous results. This fact is accepted without question; yet

Man.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which our water stood;
Even such is man whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to night,
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past—and man forgot.

—*Dr. Henry King.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

You can always judge a tailor by the make he wears, and a potter by the ware he makes.

"How does that soot you?" asked the chimney. "I think that you are a thing of flues habits," answered the poker.

It is not strange that when the sexton peals the wedding bells the contracting parties should be paired off.—*Toledo American.*

A boot and shoe shop hangs out the sign: "Cast iron lasts." We all know it does, but we don't want any boots made of it.

When the ruined physician placed his door-plate in pawn he was heard to remark: "Had I signed the pledge, I would not now have to pledge my sign."

A church choir consists of one accomplished musician and a lot of other folks who are densely ignorant of music. The accomplished one is the one you are talking with.

A group of superstitious folks were talking over charms, amulets, fetiches and the subject of luck generally. "An old uncle of mine," says one of them, finally, "when he died, bequeathed me a talisman, thanks to which I have always got along well in the world." "And it was?" "Fifty thousand a year."

"Lay off your overcoat or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a Western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "That's what I'm afraid of," returned the man. "The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat. I didn't feel it when I went out, and I haven't felt it since."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A MATTER OF PRONUNCIATION.

Said Master Jones, "Now must we go
Without delay to the dep-pot."

Laughed sweet Miss Jones, "I should say so—
Let's start at once to the day-pot."

Smiled Mrs. Jones, "In quick step, oh,
We'll all run down to the dep-pot."

Groaned Mr. Jones, "It's mighty hot
To drive you all to the dee-pot."

These conflicts of pronunciation
Would pot be if they'd call it "station."

—*Norristown Herald.*

Mrs. Eliza Garfield.

A letter from New Lexington, Ohio, to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, says: It will not be out of place to give some facts in relation to the eventful career of the aged mother and almost idolized son, upon whom the eyes of the whole civilized world have been turned, as they were never turned upon mother and son before. Eliza Ballou and a sister, about 1820, by the death of their parents, were left alone in the world and unprovided for, so far as the inheritance or possession of property was concerned. Preferring to live among relatives, one went to reside with an uncle in Northern Ohio, and the other, Eliza, came to another uncle, the father of Samuel Arnold, who then lived on a farm near Norwich, Muskingum county, Ohio. There Eliza Ballou made her home, cheerfully helping at the house or in the field, as was then sometimes the custom in a pioneer country. Having something more than what at that day was an ordinary education, Eliza procured about twenty pupils and taught a summer school. The schoolhouse was one of the primitive kind, and stood in the edge of a dense and heavily-timbered woods. One day there came a fearful storm of wind and rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning. The woods were badly wrecked, but the wind left the old log schoolhouse uninjured. Not so the lightning. A bolt struck a tree that projected closely over the roof and then the roof of the building itself. Some of the pupils were greatly alarmed, and no doubt thought it the crack of doom or day of judgment. The teacher, as calm and collected as possible, tried to quiet her pupils and keep them in their places. A man who was one of the pupils, in speaking of the occurrence, says that for a little while he remembered nothing, and then he looked around and saw the teacher and all the pupils lying dead on the floor, as he thought. Presently the teacher began to move a little, and rose to her feet. Then, one by one, the pupils got up, with a single exception. Help, medical and otherwise, was obtained as soon as possible for this one, and, though life was saved for a time, reason had forever fled. This was a fearful experience for a young female teacher, and it probably ended her career as an instructress.

Eliza Ballou's sister married in Northern Ohio, and while on a visit to her the former made the acquaintance of Abram Garfield, and subsequently married him. When James was sixteen years old he and his widowed mother visited Muskingum county in search of a school for the young man. They visited the family of the elder Arnold at Norwich, and also the family of Samuel Arnold, now a citizen of New Lexington, and before referred to. The unusual intelligence of the boy and the astonishing affection between mother and son were what chiefly impressed itself upon the minds of those who entertained the poor humble boy who was to become a future President of the United States, and die a martyr to the high official position, more widely lamented than any other man had ever been. There appeared to be no opening for a school in the neighborhood of Norwich, and mother and son went to Uncle Ballou's in another part of the county, where James got a school and taught a single term. The money thus earned he applied in further educating himself. And this was why he and his mother were hunting a school.

A Southern journal says this year's rice crop in the Gulf states will reach one h

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1881.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

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L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1881.

—Much of our space is occupied this week, with proceedings of the Baptist Convention, held in Winston last week.

—It has often appeared strange to us that the people of Forsyth county do not devote more attention to the culture of cotton. Our soil and climate are quite as well suited to the growth of this crop as our neighboring counties of Davie, Davidson and Yadkin, in the latter of which, especially, its culture is steadily increasing every year. The old fashioned idea that the plant could only be grown successfully in the extreme South is entirely exploded, and all statistics go to show increased acreage and improved lint every year, on the high uplands. The very best cotton in South Carolina is now said to be grown in her Piedmont region, up to the very foot of the Blue Ridge.

A few, very few years ago, tobacco was a rare plant in our section. Now see what wonders its culture has worked, in the growth of our towns and the prosperity of the country. There is a large part of our very best land, unsuited to tobacco, but admirably suited to cotton which certainly ought to be worked in that way, to give the farmer a really profitable cash crop. We urge upon our farmer friends to give this matter their attention and a fair trial.

THE ELECTIONS.

Last week elections were held in twelve States, six of whom elected governors and other State officers. In the other six there were no elections for Governor, only for State and county officers and Legislature.

New York elected a Democratic Legislature, and gained one Democratic Congressman.

Mississippi and Maryland the entire Democratic ticket.

Virginia elected Cameron, readjuster, governor and a majority of the Legislature.

—Superior Court in session. No business of importance transacted up to time of going to press.

—The building in which the *National Intelligencer* was printed has been burnt to the ground.

SNOW STORMS.—On the 12th it was snowing hard in Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico,—the heaviest ever encountered so early in the season. The snow is from 8 to 20 inches deep.

—We are favored with the *Daily Evening Tribune*, a newsy and ably conducted daily, published in Greensboro, by R. F. Fulghum, Esq., at $4 a year. We wish the enterprise a long and successful career.

—Proceedings of first day of Guiteau's trial we print. The second day was occupied in empaneling the jury. It is understood that Guiteau is resolved not to have a colored man on the jury.

Guiteau manifested less nervousness and excitability than on the first day of the trial.

—Judge Settle is being urged for a Cabinet position (Secretary of the Navy) by prominent Southern Republicans. The Philadelphia *Times* says: "Judge Settle will hardly be tempted to give up an excellent and honorable post on the U. S. Bench for what can be at most but three years of the dignity of the Cabinet.

—The Atlanta exposition is certainly bringing our good old State into favorable notice, which we hope will have a good and lasting effect to develope the resources of the State.

—Don't be whining about not having a fair chance. Throw a sensible man out of a window, he'll fall on his feet and ask the nearest way to his work. The more money you have to begin with, the less you will have in the end. Money you earn yourself is much brighter than any you can get out of dead men's bags. A scant breakfast in the morning of life whets the appetite for a feast later in the day. He who has tasted a sour appple will have the more relish for a sweet one. Your present want will make future prosperity all the sweeter. Eighteen-pence has set up many a pedler in business, and he has turned it over until he has kept his carriage. As for the place you are cast in, don't find fault with that; you need not be a horse because you were born in a stable. If a bull tosses a man of metal sky high, he would drop down in a good place. A hard-working young man with his wits about him will make money while others will do nothing but lose it.—*John Ploughman.*

THE TRIAL BEGUN.

Guiteau, the Assassin Arraigned for the Murder of the President.

THE CRIMINAL PRESENT IN COURT—ROUGHS, TRAMPS AND CRANKS—MOVEMENT FOR AN EXTENSION OF TIME TO WHICH THE PRISONER ENERGETICALLY OBJECTS—SWEARING IN THE JURY.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—A low ceiled, large-sized, square room, in the eastern wing of the City Hall, well lighted by three wide windows in the northern and southern walls, is the court-room of the District's Supreme Court, criminal term, in which the trial of Charles J. Guiteau, for the murder of the late President Garfield, opened to-day. At the eastern end of the room is a platform containing the Judge's seat, with the clerk's desk right below it; a table which usually occupies the greater part of the space allotted to the bar has been removed, and instead of it several smaller tables have been arranged for the accommodation of counsel and reporters. In the western half of the room a platform has been raised, on which are arranged some hundred chairs for the use of spectators. The seats assigned to jurors occupy a section of the room on the north-eastern end. There is hardly any noticeable excitement outside of the building and no very great pressure to obtain admission to the court-room. As soon as the public door was opened the spectators' seats were immediately filled for the most part with a rather roughly dressed set of young men, including many who would come under the designation of "roughs," "tramps" and "cranks." Some half a dozen ladies have got sandwitched in among the crowd. In the meantime the lawyers in the case had got into their seats: The District Attorney, Judge Porter, of New York, and Walter D. Davidge, of Washington, for the prosecution, and Mr. Scoville and Leigh Robinson, for the defence. Mrs. Scoville occupied a seat close to her husband, having her brother John on one side and her brother, the prisoner, on the other.

At 10 o'clock Judge Walter S. Coxe entered the court-room and court was declared formally opened by the crier in old Norman form.

Immediately thereafter the prisoner, Guiteau, was brought into the court-room by the marshal and his deputies. He looked in much better condition physically and otherwise than he last appeared when in the same room to plead to the indictment, still he had the same restless, furtive expression as of a hunted wolf, which characterized him before. He was at once relieved of his handcuffs and took his seat beside his sister. One of his first movements was to thrust his hand into one of his pockets and take out a roll of paper. Mr. Scoville, however, in dumb play, ordered him to put it back and he did so.

Then the district attorney rose and declared the readiness of the prosecution to proceed with the case. Mr. Robinson arose to make his plea for still more time to prepare for the defence which appeared not to meet the approval of Guiteau. All the time that Robinson was speaking, Guiteau was carrying on what appeared to be a remonstrance with Scoville who was apparently trying to quiet and suppress him. No sooner had Robinson taken his seat than the prisoner rose and in an excited manner addressed the court and stated that he wished to be heard. In vain Mr. Scoville endeavored to make him resume his seat and remain quiet. He was irrepressible; in a nervous but pretty distinct manner he proceeded with a speech as follows: I was not aware that my counsel, Mr. Robinson, intended this morning to make application for a postponement, and I desire to be heard in my own behalf in this matter at the very threshhold of the case. I am charged with a murderous attempt and I desire to be heard in my own behalf. Court: This is not a proper time to enter upon the defence. The only question before the court is whether further time should be allowed the counsel to prepare for the defence. Prisoner. (Emphatically), so far as I am concerned I don't want further time. We are ready to try the case now. To Deputy Marshal, who endeavored to restrain the prisoner, "will you be quiet?"

Court. The question is whether further time ought to be allowed the counsel. Prisoner emphatically, "I don't want that, if the court please."

District-Attorney Corkhill insisted that the trial should proceed now.

Mr. Robinson pressed his claim for a postponement

Owing to the opposition of Scoville and the prisoner to the application of Robinson for an extension of time the court stated that for the present the case should proceed as far at least as swearing the jury was concerned, and then he would consider the question of extension. At 11 o'clock the work of obtaining a jury began; the three first that presented themselves being disqualified, two on the ground that they had formed fixed opinions on the case and the other on the ground that he had conscientious scruples on the subject of capital punishment. In examining the jurors, Scoville went over a large range of questions inquiring as to religious and political belief. Up to this hour—12 noon—the defense has peremptorily challenged one juryman and two have been accepted and sworn in.

Up to this hour—12.50—five jurors have been obtained and sworn in. Their names and occupations are as follows: John P. Harlin, restaurant keeper, Fred. W. Brandenberg, cigar maker, Chas. G. Stewart, flour and feed dealer, Henry J. Bright, retired from business, and Thos. H. Langley, grocer. The court then adjourned.

GUITEAU'S SPEECH—INSPIRED BY THE LORD TO REMOVE MR. GARFIELD—THE DOCTORS RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS DEVTH.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—In the speech which Guiteau had prepared for delivery in court to-day, he says he is charged with murdering one James A. Garfield. Nothing can be more absurd, because Gen. Garfield died of malpractice. Gen. Garfield was a good man but a weak politician. Being President he was in a situation to do vast harm to the Republic and he was doing it by an unwise use of patronage, and the Lord himself took the responsibility of removing him; that his duty to the Lord and to the American people overcame his personal feelings towards Gen. Garfield, and he sought to remove him. Not being a marksman, Gen. Garfield was not fatally shot, but incompent physicians finished the work and they, not himself, are responsible for his death. He then speaks of the breach in the Republican party and his resolve to remove the President and claims that the Deity ordered him to fire the shot. He refers to his work on theology, insanity in the family, his married life and his life in prison, and appeals to those whom he says he has put in position and to the general public to send him money for his defense.

BAPTIST STATE CONVENTION.

WEDNESDAY—MORNING SESSION.

The N. C. Baptist State Convention met in its fifty-first session on the 9th of November. Rev. N. B. Cobb President, called the body to order and asked Dr. Skinner to conduct the devotional exercises. The 84 Psalm read. The hymn "All Hail the Power of Jesus Name," sung. Prayer. A brief and appropriate address was then delivered by the President.

On motion a committee on credentials was appointed. While the committee is preparing a report, remarks are called for. Dr. F. A. Douglass, Cor. Sec. of the American and foreign Bible society speaks of the needs and the work in foreign lands which he has visited. The committee on credentials report nearly a hundred delegates in attendance.

On motion preceeded to the election of President, J. E. Jones and E. S. Moore appointed tellers.

On motion Rev's C. Durham, Theo. Whitfield and F. H. Ivey, were appointed to nominate the remaining officers.

On motion the representatives of the Press of Winston and Salem, and others present, invited to seats on the floor of the Convention.

The tellers announced the election of Rev. N. B. Cobb, President. The committee report as Vice Presidents, Hon. J. C. Scarborough, Rev. J. B. Boone, Rev. J. A. Stradley; as Recording Secretaries, Wm. Biggs and W. L. Wright. Treasurer, B. F. Montague, Auditor, F. H. Biggs, Jr.

On motion the following hours of meeting were adopted—2 a. m. meet; spend half hour in religious exercises. 12 m, adjournment; meet at 2 p. m. and 7 ½ p. m.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Singing and prayer.

The following visitors were invited to seats in the Convention; Rev. Dr. J. L. M. Curry, of Richmond, Va., President of Foreign Mission Board of Southern Baptist Convention; Rev. Dr. F. A. Douglass, of New York, Corresponding Secretary of the American and Foreign Bible Society; Rev. Wm. Beavins, of New Hampshire; Rev. Dr. W. H. McIntosh, of Marion, Ala., Corresponding Secretary of Home Mission Board of the S. B. Convention; Rev. D. W. Thomason, of South Carolina Convention.

Pastor and Deacons of this Church, together with Elders W. R. Gwaltney and M. Baldwin, appointed a Committee on Religious Exercises.

Report of S. S. Board read. On motion of Col. Heck, the consideration of this report was made special order for to-morrow, at 10 a. m.

Prof. C. E. Taylor read the report of the Board of Education.

Report of State Mission Board read. On motion, the part referring to State Missions to be made the special order for to-morrow, at 2 p. m. The part referring to Home Missions to be special order for Saturday at 10 a. m. The part referring to Foreign Missions to be made the special order for 7:30 o'clock, Thursday, in Brown's Hall, Mass Meeting.

Report of Treasurer read and adopted. On motion a Committee was appointed to report on the propriety of making the Treasurer a bonded officer. The committee is composed of C. Durham, C. T. Bailey, L. Chippell, J. M. Heck, J. S. Allen.

Report of Board of Education was made the subject of Mass Meeting in Brown's Hall, Friday night.

The President announced the following Committees:

On Finance: B. F. Mitchell, J. S. Allen, B. H. Phillips.

Time and place of Next Session: F. H. Jones, J. B. Richardson, C. C. Haymore.

To nominate Preachers for Next Session: P. A. Dunn, H. W. Reinhart, F. P. Hobgood.

THURSDAY—MORNING SESSION.

The hour for the special order having arrived, the report of the S. S. Board was read. J. E. Ray, Cor. Sec'ty, was called upon. He spoke of the importance of having a large supply of books, maps, lesson helps, &c. To do this we need funds. Many of our people take no interest in the work—do not contribute to its support. We take interest in those things which cost us something. If we had a few hundred dollars we could make purchases and get gifts from the publication Societies.

Rev. C. T. Bailey said that we spend a good deal of money not through the S. S. Board. Thinks we are doing well. Wants to put the next man that makes a song book in the penitentiary for one hundred years. Too many books now. Thinks we ought to aid the Board and make greater progress. J. D. Huffham and Dr. Skinner spoke upon the report.

Rev. A. C. Dixon favored making Raleigh a central point for supplies. Organize churches first—we want no school unless under the direction of some church. The destitution of Bibles in Western N. C., is alarming. Give them the Bible. It is our Prayer Book and Confession of Faith. The S. S. Convention in Asheville set that country on fire. We have supported four Missionaries and had money left. Rev. J. K. Fulkerson spoke upon the report. Prof. Reinhardt insisted on the question before the body—that the Board needed money—not the question of S. S.

On motion the whole matter was referred to a Com. of one from each association.

The President announced the Committees:

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Items from the report of S. School Board: Sixty-seven new schools have been organized during the year. No. of schools at last report, 650; present number, 692; No. of attendants, 48,000; contributions to this work in various ways, $7,390,01.

President announced the following Com. on State Mission—J. E. Carter, W. J. Fulford, J. E. Jones.

Rev. A. C. Dixon spoke upon the needs of the counties west of the Blue Ridge. Every fifth man is a Baptist, but they need men to develop them more fully.

Dr. Skinner said N. C. was west of the Blue Ridge. It will be the garden spot when developed. It ought to be developed.

Rev. F. W. Eason said there is only one Baptist preacher in Craven county.

Rev. J. D. Haffham spoke of the west—its likeness to Palestine. The silent language of its natural scenery—eloquently, yet silently asking for help. Loves N. C., the east and the west, has lived in it, and will be buried in it. Wants it all taken for Jesus. Not the *old* North State, with the stage coach, but the *new*, with the rattle of the engine and the hum of the machinery. He said that Raleigh, Goldsboro and most of the strongest churches, were once helped by the State Mission Board.

Rev. W. R. Gwaltney said: We don't need to discuss this; our success in the past warrauts the fact that this work pays. The day will come when we will need no State Mission Board; the land will be taken. Refers to the work in Winston.

Rev. J. S. Purefoy spoke of the growth in fifty years from 25,000 to almost 200,000 members in the State.

There was a pledge for State Missions $8,500, and with this there will be raised by associations enough to make this amount about $10,000.

The Com. to Nominate Preachers for next Session reported as follows: Introductory sermon—C. A. Jenkins; H. A. Brown, alternate. Missionary sermon—J. E. Carter; J. B. Boone, alternate.

FRIDAY—MORNING SESSION.

A communication was read from the A. B. Home Mission Society, detailing its work in general and calling special attention to its work in this State. This body was invited to send delegates to its next annual conference. The communication was referred to a committee of five, consisting of Revs. F. H. Ivey, C. T. Bailey, W. R. Gwaltney, J. B. Taylor and J. D. Huf ham.

An invitation to visit the Salem Academy was accepted by the Convention and the hour fixed for the visit was 3 o'clock, p. m. on Saturday.

The report of education was read being the special order for the hour. The report was full of facts and figures. From 1830 to 1848 the average number aided annually by the Board was 2, now there are 23. The receipts of the Board for the year have amounted to $3,465.63. This is in advance of anything that has ever been done by the Baptists of N. C., in a single year. Fifty-seven new school-houses have been erected in one county in the past twelve months. Upon this report interesting speeches were made by Prof. C. E. Taylor, Dr. Skinner, Dr. Pritchard and Dr. Carter. The report of the Board was adopted.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Report of committee on S. S. Board, was adopted. The committee appointed to consider the report of the S. S. Board recommended that the Board raise sufficient capital the coming year, to purchase and keep on hand a supply of S. S. literature, books, maps, papers, &c., in order that it may furnish our Sunday Schools with the literature, selling to all who can buy, at the lowest prices, also supplying as far as possible, without cost to them, the destitute places within our borders. Recommended that churches take up stated collections in behalf of their S. S. Board.

The evening session was spent in the discussion af this subject. $1,000 was raised for this board.

SATURDAY—MORNING SESSION.

A letter was read from J. H. Mills, Superintendent of the Orphan Asylum, stating that the cash contributed by the Baptist churches, for eleven months amounted to $391.96. A resolution was passed expressing undiminished interest in the work of the Orphan Asylum, and recommending all the pastors to take up a collection, at least once during the year, in aid of the Asylum.

A resolution was offered by Rev. C. Durham, that during the next year a faithful effort be made to give the Board of Education $5,000, which was adopted.

The hour for the special order of business having arrived, the consideration of the report of the Board of Home Missions, the report was read, and an interesting discussion ensued. A subscription was made amounting to $116.98.

Committee on Publications made a report recommending denominational papers.

Rev. J. B. Brown made a statement concerning Salisbury church.

By invitation Dr. Douglas, Corresponding Secretary of the American and Foreign Bible Society, addressed the convention upon the subject of his work.

Rev. S. F. Conrad made a statement of the Lexington church.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Committee to appoint time and place of next session recommended Warrenton, which was adopted, but the time was left to the Board of State Missions.

Revs. C. Durham, W. R. Gwaltney, W. L. Wright, J. A. Stradley, and R. A. Patterson were appointed Corresponding Messengers to the colored Baptist State Convention in Durham, next year.

The following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That the thanks of this body are due and are hereby cordially tendered to the citizens of Winston and Salem, to the members of this church, and especially to the brethren and sisters of the denominations in these towns for the generous hospitality with which the members of this body have been welcomed and entertained, and to the various denominations for the use of their houses of worship.

Resolved, That we return our hearty thanks to the railroad authorities for reduced fare, and to the Editor of the Winston *Daily Leader*, for reports of the proceedings of this Convention.

Resolved, That the Secretary be authorized to print two thousand copies of minutes, to send one copy to each minister in the State, and one to each church clerk and to draw on the Treasurer for the usual amount of his compensation.

The Sunday School Mass Meeting, in Brown's Hall, Sunday afternoon, was largely attended.

Sunday night the Convention adjourned. The closing exercises were very impressive. The parting of ministers and friends was made amid the singing of hymns and the flowing of tears.—*Leader.*

TALK AT HOME.—Endeavor always to talk your best before your children They hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from parents what they deem it drudgery to learn from books, and, even if they have to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental stories sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent home is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand is often given in pleasant family conversation; and what unconscious, but excellent, mental training in lively social argument! Cultivate to the utmost the grace of conversation.

—Governor Bigelow, of Connecticut, says of the suit which was made for him at the Atlanta Exposition: "That coat was made in a day. The cotton was growing in the morning, and I was receiving in it in the evening. It was brought to me at Gov. Colquitt's mansion, two miles outside of city of Atlanta. You couldn't tell it from broadcloth in the evening, but of course in the day time and under a close inspection, it looks rough and shows its true character." It has a coarse but not unseemly appearance, and is lined with silk. The vest was made of a sort of bastetcloth pattern. It is colorless and of the regular reception style. It is backed and lined with an elegant pattern of white brocaded silk.

—The annual meeting of the Society of Friends convened at New Garden on last Wednesday a week. On Sunday the crowd in attendance was larger than usual, many thousands being present.

Among the matters discussed at the present session, was the question of separating the boarding school from the yearly meeting. A proposition was submitted by the Baltimore Association through Francis T. King, to raise a fund of $40,000 for the purpose of erecting new school buildings and endowing the institution. The matter was discussed at considerable length, the question of location being the point of difference. The claims of Greensboro and High Point were respectively urged by parties representing the two places. It was finally determined that the question of location should be left with the Baltimore Association and the trustees of New Garden Boarding School. It was also decided to hold the yearly meeting in August of next year. The school will open in September instead of November, as heretofore.—*Patriot.*

THE LONGEVITY OF THE ANCIENTS.—Can a man reach and pass the age of a hundred years? is a question concerning which physiologists have different opinions. Buffon was the first one in France to raise the question of the extreme limit of human life. In his opinion, man, becoming adult at sixteen, ought to live to six times that age, or to ninety-six years. Having been called upon to account for the phenomenal ages attributed by the Bible to the patriarchs, he risked the following as an explanation: "Before the flood the earth was less solid, less compact than now. The law of gravitation had acted for only a little time; the productions of the globe had less consistency, and the body of man, being more supple, was more susceptible of extension. Being able to grow for a longer time, it should, in consequence, live for a longer time than now."

The German Heusler has suggested on the same point that the ancients did not divide time as we do. Previous to the age of Abraham the year, among some people of the East, was only three months, or a season; so that they had a year of spring, one of summer, one of fall, and one of winter. The year was extended so as to consist of eight months after Abraham, and of twelve months after Joseph. Voltaire rejected the longevity assigned to the patriarchs of the Bible, but accepted without question the stories of the great ages attained by some men in India, where he says, "it is not rare to see old men of one hundred and twenty years." The eminent French physiologist, Flourens, fixing the complete development of man at 20 teaches that he should live 5 times as long as it takes him to become an adult. According to this author the moment of a completed development may be recognized by the fact of the junction of the bones with their apophyses. This junction takes place in horses at five years, and the horse does not live beyond twenty-five years; with the ox, at four years, and it does not live over twenty years; with the cat at eighteen months, and that animal rarely lives over ten years. With man it is effected at twenty years, and he only exceptionally lives beyond one hundred years. The same physiologist admits, however, that human life may be exceptionally prolonged under certain conditions of comfort, sobriety, freedom from care, regularity of habits, and observance of the rules of hygiene, and he terminates his interesting study of the last point with the aphorism. "Man kills himself rather than dies."

Humbugged Again.

I saw so much said about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife who was always doctoring, and never well, teased me so urgently to get her some I concluded to be humbugged again; and I am glad I did, for in less than 2 months use of the Bitters my wife was cured and has remained so for 18 months since. I like such humbugging.—H. T. St. Paul.—*Pioneer Press.*

KILL THE DOGS AND SAVE THE SHEEP.—We are informed that for several weeks some worthless curs have been committing outrageous depredations among the flocks of sheep owned by our farmer friends in and near town. One gentleman ventures the assertion that at least two hundred sheep have been killed by dogs, in this vicinity, in the last few months. Mr. John Shute has lost a considerable number. Out of a flock of 47 Mr. Wm. Helmus saved only 11 and becoming disgusted with the idea of trying to raise sheep while so many worthless curs are running loose, has butchered those saved. Several others, whose names we did not learn, have likewise suffered.

We cannot conceive why the farmers all over the State do not rise up solidly and say that matters shall not continue this way. That one of our most profitable industries should thus be hindered, just for the sake of having a pack of dogs everywhere whose sustenance requiries what would keep several hogs fat, is a disgrace to the State. They should send men to the Legislature pledged to vote for a law that would require the slaughter of all worthless dogs and levy a tax on guard dogs. There is much more money in raising wool, if attended to with any care at all than there is in raising cotton and we are actually surprised that the farmers do not act in behalf of their own interest by asking for such laws as will protect sheep-raising.—*Monroe Enquirer.*

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

(SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY,)

FOR THE COMING YEAR.

With the November number began the new series under the title of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, which will be, in fact, *a new, enlarged, and improved* "SCRIBNER." The page is somewhat longer and wider, admitting pictures of a larger size, and INCREASING THE READING MATTER ABOUT

FOURTEEN ADDITIONAL PAGES.

The following is a summary of the leading features of the new series for the year:

A NEW NOVEL BY MRS. BURNETT (author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," etc.), entitled "Through One Administration," a story of Washington life.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE 19th CENTURY, Biographical sketches, accompanied by portraits of George Eliot, Robert Browning, Rev Frederick W Robertson (by the late Dean Stanley), Matthew Arnold, Christina Rossetti, and Cardinal Newman, and of the younger American authors, Wm D Howells, Henry James Jr, and George W Cable.

SCENES OF THACKERAY'S HAWTHORNE'S, AND GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS. Succeeding the illustrated series on the scenes of Dickens's novels.

THE REFORM OF THE CIVIL SERVICE. Arrangements have been made for a series of able papers on this pressing political question.

POETRY AND POETS IN AMERICA. There will be studies of Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, and others, by E. C. Stedman.

STORIES, SKETCHES, AND ESSAYS may be expected from Charles Dudley Warner, W D Howells, "Mark Twain," Edward Eggleston, Henry James, Jr, John Muir, Miss Gordon Cumming, "H H," Geo W Cable, Joel Chandler Harris, A C Redwood, F D Millet, Noah Brooks, Frank R Stockton, Constance F Woolson, H H Boyesen, Albert Stickney, Washington Gladden, John Burroughs, Parke Godwin, Tommaso Salvini, Henry King, Ernest Ingersoll, E L Godkin, E B Washburne, and many others.

One or two papers on "The Adventures of the Tile Club," and an original Life of Bewick, the engraver, by Austin Dobson, are among other features to be later announced.

THE EDITORAL DEPARTMENTS throughout will be unusually complete, and "The World's Work" will be considerably enlarged.

The price of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE will remain at $4.00 per year (35 cents a number). The portrait (size 21x27) of the late Dr Holland, issued just before his death, photographed from a life-size drawing by Wyatt Eaton, will possess a new interest to the readers of this magazine. It is offered at $3.00 retail, or together wite THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for $6.50. Subscriptions are taken by the publishers, and by booksellers and news dealers everywhere.

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IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic; especially *Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy*, etc. Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. They act like a charm on the digestive organs, *removing all dyspeptic symptoms*, such as *Tasting the Food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn*, etc. The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache. Sold by all druggists. Write for the A B C Book (32 pp. of useful and amusing reading)—*sent free.* BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.

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Neuralgia, Sprains,
Pain in the Back and Side.

There is nothing more painful than these diseases; but the pain can be removed and the disease cured by use of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.

This remedy is not a cheap Benzine or Petroleum product that must be kept away from fire or heat to avoid danger of explosion, nor is it an untried experiment that may do more harm than good.

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The record of cures by the use of PAIN KILLER would fill volumes. The following extracts from letters received show what those who have tried it think:

Dear Cady, Owatonna, Minn., says:
About a year since my wife became subject to severe suffering from rheumatism. Our physician tried to cure her, without specially relieving her. Chas. Powell writes from the Sailors' Home, London:
I had been afflicted three years with neuralgia and violent spasms of the stomach. The doctors at the Dispensary Hospital gave up my case in despair. I tried your PAIN KILLER, and it gave me immediate relief. I have regained my strength, and am now able to follow my usual occupation.
G. H. Walworth, Saco, Me., writes:
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E. York says:
I have used your PAIN KILLER for rheumatism, and have received great benefit.
Barton Seaman says:
Have used PAIN KILLER for thirty years, and have found it a never-failing remedy for rheumatism and lameness.
Mr. Burditt writes:
It never fails to give relief in cases of rheumatism.
Phil. Gilbert, Somerset, Pa., writes:
From actual use, I know your PAIN KILLER is the best medicine I can get.

All druggists keep PAIN KILLER. Its price is so low that it is within the reach of all, and it will save many times its cost in doctors' bills. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 a bottle.

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CALL AND SEE US.

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Salem, N. C., May 12, 1881.-18.

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CONDENSED TIME.

North Carolina Railroad.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, May 15 1881.	No. 47 Daily.	No. 43. Daily.	No. 19. Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Charlotte	4 05 a m	4 15 p m	6 30 a m
" Salisbury	5 56 a m	6 07 p m	8 16 a m
" High Point	7 25 a m	7 35 p m	1 55 p m
Arrive Greensboro	8 03 a m	7 57 p m	10 p m
Leave Greensboro	9 40 a m		4 25 p m
Arrive Hillsboro	11 45 a m		11 09 p m
" Durham	12 25 p m		12 31 a m
" Raleigh	1 40 p m		3 11 a m
Leave "	1 45 p m	3 41 a m	
Arrive Goldsboro	4 00 p m	11 35 a m	

No. 47.—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina daily except Sundays. At Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. for Wilmington.

No. 43.—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, May 15, 1881.	No. 48. Daily.	No. 42. Daily.	No. 20. Daily. ex. Sun.
Leave Goldsboro	1 25 p m		4 20 p m
Arrive Raleigh	3 50 p m		9 35 p m
Leave "	3 55 p m		9 55 p m
Arrive Durham	5 09 p m		12 19 a m
" Hillsboro	5 48 p m		1 45 a m
" Greensboro	7 57 p m		4 00 a m
Leave "	8 17 p m	9 31 a m	m
Arrive High Point	9 12 p m	10 02 a m	
" Salisbury	10 32 p m	11 15 a m	
" Charlotte	12 20 a m	1 00 p m	

No 48.—Connects at Greensboro with Salem Branch, at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. Air-Line Junction with A. & C. A. L. Railroad for all points South and South-west

No. 42.—Connects at Air-Line Junc. with A. & C. A. L. Railroad for all points South and South-west; at Charlotte with C., C. & A. Railroad for all points South and South-East.

SALEM BRANCH.

Leave Greensboro daily			9 40 p m
Arrive Kernersville	"	"	10 57 p m
Arrive Salem	"	"	11 40 p m
Leave Salem	"	"	5 30 p m
Arrive Kernersville	"	"	9 08 p m
Arrive Greensboro	"	"	7 30 p m

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It penetrates flesh and muscle to the very bone—making the continuance of pain and inflammation impossible. Its effects upon Human Flesh and the Brute Creation are equally wonderful. The Mexican

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is needed by somebody in every house. Every day brings news of the agony of an awful scald or burn subdued, of rheumatic martyrs restored, or a valuable horse or ox saved by the healing power of this

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Rheumatism, Swellings, Stiff Joints, Contracted Muscles, Burns and Scalds, Cuts and Sprains, Poisonous Bites and Stings, Stiffness, Lameness, Old Sores, Ulcers, Frostbites, Chilblains Sore Nipples, Caked Breast, and indeed every form of external disease. It heals without scars.

For the BRUTE CREATION it cures Sprains, Swinny, Stiff Joints, Founder, Harness Sores, Hoof Diseases, Foot Rot, Screw Worms, Scab, Mallow Heels, Scratches, Windgalls, Spavin, Thrush, Ringbone, Old Sores, Poll Evil, Film upon the Sight and every other ailment to which the occupants of the Stable and Stock Yard are liable.

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The People's Press.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1881.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Special Notice.—Persons wishing to have printing well done, will please call at the Press office. We can print as *cheap* as the *cheapest*.

—No change in the markets.

—Prof. Gus Rich has returned from his late trip.

—New Moon the 21st., at 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

—Heaviest frost of the season on Wednesday morning.

—Dr. W. W. Withers, of Stokes co., has removed to Texas.

☞ See notice of Ford's Opera Company in another column.

—Several lots of fine turkeys were brought to town last week.

—The Citizens' Reading Club is at home in the late E. A. Vogler's office.

—The cistern at E. Belo's corner has been newly covered and a new pump put in.

CORN!—Messrs. F. & H. Fries are now selling *yellow corn*, at 90 cents per bushel.

—James Fishel killed a calf, five weeks old, common stock, weighing 76 pounds, nett.

—Last week reminded us of the old County Court weeks—rain and mud, without end the whole week.

—Fresh oysters are hawked about the streets at 30 cents a quart. Fresh fish are also in the market.

—Last week was a trying one on the washer-women: no sunshine caused many a cloud in the laundry.

—The Southfork farmers are nearly all thinking about having their land posted. Some have already done it.

—Rev. B. W. Dougherty, of Edenton, has accepted a call as pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal church in Winston.

—A protracted meeting was commenced in Waughtown on last Saturday. Rev. F. M. Jordan conducts the meeting.

—The ministers in attendance at the Baptist Convention, visited the Moravian church and the Academy on last Saturday afternoon.

—Baptist Convention adjourned on Sunday night. Will meet in Warrenton next year. Date not fixed, but left to Board of State Missions.

—After a week of rain it cleared off Sunday morning, and the day was so spring-like that quite a number of ladies used their parasols.

—The little boys now have a mania for collecting all the different kinds of seeds. Good idea, boys, and more profitable than making collections of bird's eggs.

—A suit has been instituted against the town of Winston by A. W. Bevll, for damages to his property caused by filling up Liberty street in front of his wagon shop.

—Wm. Dettmar's new shop, on Main street, near his residence, is a substantial brick building, built expressly to suit Uncle William's business—gun and lock-smithing.

—The street lamp near W. T. Vogler's residence had the glass broken out of it the other day. Boys, be careful how you throw stones, and remember it is $25 fine to damage the street lamps.

—The new band, lately organized, will occupy the room in the upper story of the old Philip Reich tin-shop, corner of Main and Shallowford streets, for practice on Tuesday night of each week.

—We noticed several barrels of very fine Irish potatoes at Shore & Co.'s store the other day. They were shipped from Mitchell county, this State, and were as fine-looking as any of the Northern potatoes we get here.

—We see by very handsome invitations sent to friends here, that our former townsman, A. P. Winkler, now of Knob Noster, Mo, is to be married this, Thursday, evening to Miss Nannie Young. Here's our ☞, Pete.

—The song, "Grandfather's Clock," is, at the best, not very pretty, but the manner in which it was rendered on our streets, last Saturday night, by a crowd of half-inebriated youths, was enough to make a grindstone weep.

—C. A. Hege, of the Salem Iron Works, is making up a party of 50 or more to leave Salem and Winston on the evening train of Nov. 28, for the Atlanta Exposition. Tickets for the round trip and good for 10 days, $7.80.

—Tr. Spaugh presented us with the largest turnip we have seen this season, weighing four pounds. L. W. Stafford, who recently moved on his plantation, a few miles below town, (known as the Sam. Laughenour place) also presented us with three fine turnips, each weighing 3½ pounds.

—The pair of bantam chickens which visit Shore & Co.'s store daily to be fed, are sorely non-plused on Sundays when the store is closed. The cock mounts the steps and crows until he finds it is of no use, and then the pair hunt other feeding grounds.

—We thought that kerosene oil was so cheap in price that it came within the reach of all to buy it; but it seems that such is not the case, as some person actually took the oil out of one of the street lamps the other night and put water in its place.

—Annis Reich, col., was arrested on last Thursday by police officer Shepperd, who had a *capias* from the Sheriff for her arrest for stealing bacon from some one in the country. Annis attempted to elude the officer, but after a lively race, she was captured and lodged in jail.

—"Leaves have their time to fall," and so has man when he takes on too much anti-prohibition. The above was illustrated by a man who got so hopelessly drunk on Sunday that he got down on the sidewalk on Main street, near New Shallowford. Our worthy policeman, with the aid of a wheelbarrow, removed him to more private quarters.

—The stable doors on West street, near Main, have again been nailed up by orders from the owner, and the persons who have been in the habit of breaking them open should desist, as it is unlawful, and the law will be enforced on any one caught damaging the above property in the future.

—Don't forget to call on G. A. Reich, when in want of good boots and shoes. Read his ad. in another column, see what he is doing and give him a call. He can always be found at his shop, next door to his residence, lower end of Main street, ever ready to take your measure and give you a good fit.

—Internal Revenue Collections, Fifth District, for the week ending Saturday, Nov. 12, 1881.

Monday	$3,062 82
Tuesday	1,460 24
Wednesday	4,526 48
Thursday	2,961 48
Friday	2,212 00
Saturday	4,612 98
Total	$18,836 00

—On Monday a week the Justices of the Peace, of Stokes county, held a meeting at Danbury, to take definite action in regard to the Inferior Court, for that county. Z. S. Alley, Esq., was called to the chair and C. M. Lasley appointed Secretary. The Inferior Court was continued by a vote of 8 to 6. The following Justices, T. H. Bain, Sterling Adams and P. H. Mabe, were appointed a committee to investigate the expense of the court to report in February next. T. H. Bain, Esq., of Germanton, offered a resolution recommeuding to the County Commissioners the propriety of buying $1,500 worth of corn to be sold to the needy of the county for bread only at cost. The resolution was passed unanimously. In the county there are 22 Magistrates—19 Democrats and only 3 Republicans.—*Republican.*

Personals.—Dr. H. T. Bahnson and lady returned home from Philadelphia on Thursday last. The Dr. left home again for Wilmington, on Saturday, and will be absent about a month. The late operation on his arm has very much relieved him and he is gradually regaining the use of his hand and arm.

Mrs. Pond and children arrived in Salem on last Thursday, after spending several months in Brooklyn, Conn., with Lieut. Pond's relatives.

Austin Yates and lady have returned home.

Dr. Wiseman and lady, of Farmington, Davie county, were in attendance at the Baptist Convention last week, and were the guests of H. A. Lemly.

Miss Annie Charles, of Farmington, Davie county, attended the Convention, and was the guest of Miss May Keehln.

Jesse Carter arrived from Madison on Saturday and is with his family at Mrs. E. A. Vogler.

Mrs. Fred. Smith, of Goldsboro, is visiting at C. A. Winkler's.

—Ford's Opera Company will be at Brown's Hall, Winston on Wednesday, the 23rd.

Petersburg, (Va.) Post.

Library Hall--"Patience."

Reginald Bunthorne.....J. H. Rennie
Algernon Grosvener....W. H. Fitzgerald
Col. Calverly.....Chas. Hogendorp
Maj. Murgatroyd.....H. C. Curley
Lieut. Duke of Donegal...Chas. F. Lang
Capt. Hasher.....Geo. Roseman
Bunthorn's Solicitor.....J. H. Jones
The Lady Angela...Miss May Stembler
The Lady Saphyr...Miss Mamie Taylor
The Lady Ella.....Miss Clara Beck
The Lady Jane.....Miss Tillie McHenry
Patience.....Miss Madeleine Lucette

What with the skillful and cutting pencil work of Du Maurier in *Punch*, the caustic pen of Labouchere in *Truth*, and a host of lesser lights in the artistic or journalistic world, Oscar Wilde and his disciples have become more than ordinarily famous wherever the English language is understood. The æsthetic craze with all its possibilities for the ridiculous was just the thing therefore, that Gilbert and Sullivan wanted as the inspiration of a new opera. There was a time when it was possible that American youths and maidens would go about with lilies in their hands, vacancy in their eyes, uncertainty in their gait, polysyllablic words in their mouths, trash in their heads and hideousness in their garb. The good hard sense of the older generation squelched the first appearance of the plague and it has not since appeared. No city would have followed more promptly in the wake of New York and Boston in a transplanted æsthetic craze than Pittsburgh. It always goes to extremes in such matters among a certain class. Now, however, it is considered more proper to scoff at it than to sympathize with it and the largest and most elegantly dressed audience that Pittsburgh has seen since the grand opera of last season was present last night to hear "Patience" rendered at Library Hall by Ford's Opera Company.

The story of the opera has been told at length often. "Twenty lovesick maidens" worship *Bunthorne* a poet modelled after Oscar Wylde. He loves *Patience*, a dairy maid. She in turn loves *Grosvenor*, another æsthete, who is so handsome that he considers himself the "trustee of beauty." *Grosvenor* loves her, but they are kept apart by *Patience's* desire not to selfishly absorb all of his beauty. He comes down off of his lofty stilts and becomes commonplace at the request of *Bunthorne* and then all is well between him and *Patience*. In the opera also appears a regiment of dragoons who are cast aside by the girls for their poet lover, but are finally taken back when they become æsthetic. The music is much like "Pinafore" and "Pirates of Penzance," and yet differs from both in geueral tone. It is written in a less sprightly, dashing vein, but it has the same general harmony that characterizes Sullivan.

The piece was admirably presented. It was elegantly dressed throughout, and was without anacronisms. The singing of the troupe was good without exception. Miss Lucette made a great hit as *Patience*. Mr. Fitzgerald was more than good as *Grosvenor*, Mr. Hogendorp, as the *Colonel*, sang and acted in his usual effective style, and Mr. Rennie as *Bunthorne* was capital.

A world of Good.

One of the most popular medicines now before the American public, is Hop Bitters. You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other Bitters as it is not a whiskey drink. It is more like the old fashioned bone set tea that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right try Hop Bitters.—*Nunda News.*

—Very taking.—Colds. Very glad.—The Druggists. The very best remedy.—Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Kernersville Letter.

Messrs. Editors:—On Friday, Oct. 28th, in company with Mrs. Rights, I started in my conveyance to Salisbury, as I had not been there since 1861,—20 years ago.

The first day we went to Lexington, where on the counter in Mr. Hege's store, I saw lying a pumpkin which they said weighed 68 pounds; it was grown by a Mr. Owen, a few miles below town. Next morning we started on our way and met with considerable changes along the old road, and crossed the Yadkin at Hedrick's Ferry, formerly Cowan's below the railroad bridge. While crossing the river, which is 365 yards wide, and was very low at the time, the ferryman pointed out some of the pillars still standing of the former Old Lock Bridge, some distance above the railroad bridge; and above that, about the same distance, is the old time Long's Ferry, now Sower's. These two families, Cowan and Long, owned all this land for miles up and down the river, but it has passed into other hands and they have scarcely a representative remaining in the country. Just below the ferry we were crossing, there is an island containing 75 acres which was all in corn, and it was corn to count, (no nubbins among it). Leaving the river about four miles this side of town, you strike the railroad which runs parallel with the public road the remainder of the way; and if you have a horse that is afraid of the train like mine was, it is anything but pleasant driving. I had to take out three times on account of the freight trains that came thundering by, and then he almost got away. However, we landed safely awhile before night, having passed through several showers of rain.

Next day being Sunday, we attended services in the morning in the Presbyterian church, Rev. Mr. Rumple, pastor. They have a fine organ, presided over by the pastor's daughter, and a singing choir aided by a cornet and they make good music. We were favored with an excellent sermon. The Rev. gentleman reminded me a great deal in his general make up, of the departed Bishop George F. Bahnson, of Salem. He has served his congregation 21 years; and if nothing happens he is good for 21 years or more of hard work.

When I left Salisbury, in 1841, I could go into any of the four churches and know every body that attended there, even to the children; to-day my wife and I were among strangers; for with the exception of Mr. J. J. Bruner, of the *Watchman*, we recognized no one. Mr. Bruner gave us an introduction to the pastor, and he asked me to preach for him at night, to which I consented, and a more attentive congregation I never attempted to address. In the afternoon we went to the Methodist Sunday School. The white painted frame church of my day has been replaced by an elegant brick structure; *then*, the membership was small and poor, *now*, judging from the surroundings, it has increased in numbers and in wealth; but, like in the morning, it was all strangers. The Sunday School is very large. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Crawford, was there, and illustrated the lesson by diagrams on the black-board. The Superintendent, a brother of the pastor, was likewise on hand. He is one of the iron men of Salisbury, as he runs a large hardware store, and he reminded me in many ways of the late E. A. Vogler, of your town,—he is an out and out Sunday School man, and I heard him tell his class that he had not missed a Sunday School or a prayer-meeting in fifteen years, when he was at home,—not many business men can say that. The Crawford brothers, pastor and superintendent, attended the late Sunday School Convention at Salem; and the superintendent gave us an interesting description of his visit to a Sunday School Convention at Toronto, in Canada; their mother was the late Crisey Mull, who was educated at the Salem Female Academy. Dr. James Griffith, a native of Kernersville, but now a permanent resident of Salisbury, is also a worker in this Sunday School and director of the church music.

The Baptists, till now, have had no church of their own, but are engaged in putting up a neat brick building near Oak Grove Cemetery, and by Spring will have a house of their own. I asked, "are they so numerous that they are able to put up such a house?" "Oh no," said my informant, a *Presbyterian*, "*but we all help.*" Now that is nice, and *they* ought to remember it when they get to the water's edge. But for fear my letter will not be read, I will finish up next week. C. L. R.

Kernersville, N C., Nov. 14th, 1881.

Cannibal Feasts in Fiji.—But prior to the great change in Fiji caused by Christianity a feast would have been held of small account which was not graced by abundant human flesh; and if by chance there was no war on hand to provide this delecacy, there was rarely much difficulty in finding victims; a defenceless troop of women from some neighboring village, a canoe driven ashore by stress of weather, or failing these, a few insignificant serfs or wives who had lost favor with their lords, supplied the place of home farm produce. * * Some of the most noted cannabals, who gloried in the multitude of men who they had eaten, actually kept a record of their number by erecting lines of stones. One of these registers numbers eight hundred and seventy-two, and the Christian son of this ogre declares that his father ate them all himself, allowing no one to share with him. Another member of the same family had registered forty-eight, when his becoming a Christian put a stop to the amusement, and compelled him to be satisfied with commonplace beef. In fact, one of the excuses urged by Thakombau for so long a time adhering to cannibalism was that he and his people had no other substitute for bullamacow. It is, however, twenty years since he adjured the vile custom and accepted Christianity; but many of the islanders kept it up till quite recently. —*Good Words.*

IN MEMORIAM.

ADELAIDE E. VOGLER.

Nov. 26, 1863—Nov. 14, 1881.

Amid a large concourse of sympathizing friends, on Tuesday, 15th. inst., there was laid to rest all that was mortal of her. The wan rays of the November sun, falling athwart the gathered throng in the house of God, seemed to image the general helplessness of thought before the startling event, and the declining November day sent an invading chill into all hearts, leaving us in stricken wonder. Not that she had occupied a prominent place in the public eye, for she had but just completed her education, and her step was only on the threshold of life, while her strong domestic traits withdrew her from public gaze and kept her within the quiet circle of family and friends, but because all who stood beside her now felt impressively, how withering is the blight that sometimes falls on earth's early promise.

Of attractive personal presence gifted with winning vivacity and conversational power, she possessed, too, a charming directness of manner that needed all the safeguard of her entire artlessness and modesty of bearing. Of womanly instincts beyond her years, she was the companion and stay of her widowed mother; affectionate and submissive, she entwined about her the jealous love and care of her brother; disinterested and unselfish, she was fitted to be, as she was, the centre of a large circle of friends.

But more than all, her inner life was under the influence of a simple and truthful piety that kept her true, steadfast and secretly devout, and imparted to her that atmosphere of purity, of which the fair white garment of Commencement day was a touching emblem, as she lay before our eyes in her last narrow bed. [Com.

MARRIED.

In Winston, on the 9th inst., by Rev. S. D. Franklin, Mr. Robert Jenkins to Miss Anna E. Rights.

At the residence of H. H. Helper, Esq., near Mocksville, N. C., by Rev. M. C. Kurfees, on Thursday, Nov. 10th, E. W. Mooring, editor of the *Davie Times*, to Miss Mattie F. Helper.

DIED.

In this place, on Monday morning, Nov. 14th., Adelaide Eugenia, second daughter of the late E. A. and Emma Vogler, aged 17 years, 11 months and 18 days.

With keenest arrow and bended bow, with steady eye and relentless heart, the angel of Death sought his mark and then departed, leaving the angel of Grief, in an agony of tears, mourning over the effects of his unerring aim. But the twin angels of Sympathy and Resignation, with Heavenly inspiration and prompted by the Father's divine and ineffable love, take Grief in their tender arms, and help her to bear the fierce sorrow and pain.

In the fullness of youth and beauty, with a disposition of love and kindness to all, together with the suddeness of the summons that called her away from the fond and almost idolizing love of widowed mother and brothers and sisters and the high respect and esteem of all who knew her, it is no wonder that the death of Adelaide Eugenia Vogler has caused the hearts of Salem and Winston to beat in great sympathizing throbs of pity and sorrow.

A member of the Moravian church choir, faithful in her attendance to the duties of the Young Ladies' Bible Class, she will be long missed. She graduated in June last from Salem Academy, alas, that it was the forerunner of this, the last of man's graduations upon earth.

Grief, comforted by the angel of Hope, looks upward, and the eyes dimmed with tears, see her amid the angels of Heaven, with the smiles of other days brighter and holier, her face illumined with the light of the radiant love of her Savior, and as she stands by the side of her sainted father, Grief hears a tender voice say "And I will wipe away all tears from their eyes." [Com.

In Winston, on Wednesday morning last, A. T. Benton, of the firm of T. L. Vaughn & Co., tobacco manufacturers, aged 32 years.

—War kills its thousands, but a Cough its tens of thousands; Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup however, always kills a cough. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

—The deaths from cholera, in Mecca, Arabia, is 215 a day.

Five Lots in Winston for Sale.—Two in West Winston, near the residence of W. B. Glenn, and three East of the Court-House, near the residence of Christ. Tavis. All good building lots. Apply early at this office.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

—Paints and Oils, a full line at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Lewis' White Lead at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Call at H. W. FRIES Store for gentlemens' Fine Shoes.

—Lithia Water for sale by the gallon at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW, at the Salem Book Store.

—Lamps and all Lamp Goods at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

—For your spring supply of Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' Shoes, go to H. W. FRIES'.

—GRAY & MARTIN, Druggists, succeed Montague & Gray and Gray & Wilson.

—Those wishing to try our Teas can obtain samples free.

GRAY & MARTIN.

—Fullest line of Toilet Articles and Perfumery in the towns at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

—A few copies of REVISED TESTAMENT at the Bookstore. More on hand shortly.

FINE SHOES.

Just received the largest stock of FINE SHOES, ever brought to this market,—all Ziegler Brothers manufacture.

Also a large line of Carpet samples.

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Post Office Directory.

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RAILROAD, from Greensboro to Salem closes every day, except Sunday at 6.45, a. m., and every day at 3.40, p. m. Due every day, by 12:30, a. m., and every day except Sunday, by 11.45, a. m.

MOUNT AIRY, via Winston, Old Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Tobaccoville, Dalton, Bliss and Flat Shoals. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:30, a. m. Due every day except Sunday, at 3, p. m.

DANBURY, via Winston, Flat Branch, Sedge Garden, Germanton Walnut Cove and Meadows. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:30, a. m, Due every day, except Sunday by 3, p. m.

YADKINVILLE, via Winston, Lewisville, Panther Creek Conrad's and Charity closes every day except Sunday at 5:30, a. m. Due every day except Sunday by 3, p. m.

ROCKFORD, via Mount Tabor, Vienna, Red Plains and East Bend and Richmond Hill Closes Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5:30, a. m. Due Monday, Wednesday and Friday by 6, p.m.

FULTON, via Friedberg, Yokely, Advance and Elbaville. Closes every Tuesday and Friday at 5:30, a. m. Due Tuesday and Friday by 7, p. m.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an **Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are certain to give relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh, Consumption and Throat Diseases.** For thirty years the Troches have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. They are not new or untried, but having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. **Public speakers** and **singers** use them to clear and strengthen the **Voice.** Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere.

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for the Fall and Winter of 1881, which will be sold cheap for cash.

All are invited to call.

Mrs. T. B. DOUTHIT.

Salem, N. C., Oct. 1, 1881.

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Department of Drawing and Painting and Decorative Needlework.

The STUDIO of the institution is now open, and tuition is offered in the various branches of the Department of Drawing and Painting and Decorative Needlework. The attention of ladies who may have leisure for study is invited.

Special arrangements will be made for lady students from town separately from those for the regular Academy classes.

For information in regard to the various branches of the course, and terms, apply at the office of the Academy.

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I HAVE OPENED A CUSTOM BOOT AND SHOE SHOP, on Main Street, Salem, N. C., two squares below the Salem Hotel, next door to T. Vogler's gun-smith shop.

Will make MENS' BOOTS AND SHOES, and all kinds of LADIES' WORK, in a neat and substantial manner.

☞ Particular attention giving to REPAIRING all kinds of boots and shoes.

Prices for the different qualities of work will be found as reasonable as at any other establishment.

I most respectfully solicit a part of the public patronage.

If parties living at a reasonable distance, in need of work, will let me know by postal card or otherwise, I will wait on them.

Respectfully,

G. A. REICH.

Salem, N. C., Aug. 25, 1881.

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SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1881.

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WINSTON, N. C.

Four years ago to-day we opened our first stock of GOODS in one of the buildings we now occupy. Not satisfied to remain where we started, we have from time to time added to our building and stock, so that we can safely say that we now have the most complete Store Rooms in the State. We have in use two of BATES' best ELEVATORS by the means of which we have easy access to all parts of the ten Rooms in our Block, all of which are filled with Merchandise of every description, which we buy at the lowest prices, mostly from manufacturers, and which we will sell at reasonable prices.

IN OUR WHOLESALE DEPARTMENTS, WHICH ARE THE LARGEST IN TOWN, we will duplicate in prices any bill of an ordinary amount bought in any market, freight taken into consideration.

OUR RETAIL DEPARTMENTS ARE THE MOST COMPLETE IN WINSTON. We call especial attention to our line of

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TRIMMINGS, LAWNS, PEQUETS, SUITINGS, NOTIONS, PARASOLS, COTTONADES, CASSIMERES, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Winchester, Va., and Miles' Philadelphia Shoes A SPECIALTY.

OUR STOCK CONSISTS IN PART OF

400 Suits of Mens' and Boys' Clothing
40 Cases Hats.
85 Cases and Bales of Dry Goods
50 Cases Notions
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50 Barrels Sugar
75 " Syrups
150 Kegs of Nails and Horse Shoes

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STAPLE HARDWARE,

Drugs and Patent Medicines.

Tin Ware, Hollow Ware and Queensware

in large quantities and great variety.

2,000 Dozens Coats' Spool Cotton at N. Y. Prices.
2,000 Pounds Sole Leather.
20,000 Pounds Meat and Lard.
White Lead, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

We intend to make it to the interest of every one to come and see us, and we invite you to do so.

7,500 BAGS OF THE CELEBRATED STAR BRAND TOBACCO MANURE For Sale this Spring.

Buy your GOODS of us and sell your TOBACCO at our NEW WAREHOUSE, (PACE'S) when completed, and you will come as near getting the worth of your money in Merchandise, and the worth of your Tobacco in money as you can get in this wide world.

COME ONE, COME ALL.

Respectfully,

HINSHAW BROTHERS.

May 19th, 1881.

JOHN GATLING, President, W. H. CROW, Vice-President
W. S. PRIMROSE, Secretary and Treasurer,
P. COWPER Adjuster and Supervisor.

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A PREMIUM OF $25 will be given the farmer who produces the greatest quantity of sugar from syrup made by Turner's Patent Evaporator, from one acre of seed cane, grown in North Carolina. Ten pounds to be exhibited at the next annual State Fair at Raleigh.

Turner's Patent Evaporator has been in use for two years, and is highly recommended by farmers and others who have used it. The following certificate speaks for itself:

State of North Carolina, Surry Co., January 18th, 1881.

To all whom it may concern:

This is to certify that I have used the Turner Evaporator for the past year and find it to be a perfect success.

It has advantages that no other evaporator has:

1st. The fire can be regulated without any danger of risk of burning or scorching the molasses.

2nd. The arrangement is such that you can regulate the flow of juice and discharge of finished syrup with such accuracy as not to endanger the syrup from its having tinge of scorch or dark drugy appearance.

3rd. It facilitates the labor so very much that one hand can attend to the Evaporator and do good work; besides many other advantages that I have neither time or space here to enumerate.

Rev. J. J. SETLIFF.

P. S. I made syrup from the early Amber Cane that actually commenced the process of granulation on the Evaporator.

J. J. S.

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or B. TURNER, Bethanina, N. C.

March 3, 1881-8-6m.

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SHAVING SALOON.

I TAKE PLEASURE in calling the attention of the Young Gents of Winston and Salem to the fact that, I have removed my

Shaving Saloon and Barber Shop

to the most eligible room for the business in the city. Call at the first door North of the Merchant's Hotel, Winston, N. C. Thankful for past favors, I trust to be able to merit a continuance of your visits. Very Respectfully,

ALEX. GATES.

☞ I am still manufacturing my world-renowned Hair Restorer, and ask all who are in need to send in their orders. I have certificates from some of the best citizens of Winston and Salem, as well as other places, and guarantee satisfaction. 34-6m.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.

I am now ready to receive the Taxes due the corporation of Salem. Taxpayers will please call and pay me. The taxes are levied as follows: 35 cents on the hundred dollars; $1.05 on the Pol and $3.00 Road Tax.

L. N. CLINARD,
Tax Collector.

Salem, N. C., Oct. 4, 1881.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Paralysis in Pigs.

Pigs are subject to a weakness of the spine by which the nerves controlling the movements of the hind limbs are paralyzed. This is often constitutional, and arises from breeding pigs so defective. When young sucking pigs are affected in this way it no doubt comes in this manner. The treatment is to apply a counter-irritant to the loins, such as turpentine, rubbed freely upon the back; apply once a day and give the pigs a teaspoonful of powdered rosin in the food for each two or three, once a day for a week. Pigs so affected should never be used for breeding.

Root Pruning.

The experiments were made on the apple and pear. An apple tree eight or ten years old, which had scarcely made any fruit buds, had done best when about half the roots were cut in one season and half three years later, by going half way around on opposite sides in one year and finish at the next pruning, working two feet underneath to sever downward roots. It has always answered well, also, to cut on such trees all the larger and longer roots about two and a half feet from the stem, leaving the smaller and weaker ones longer and going half way around, as already stated. The operation was repeated three or four years later by extending the cut circle a foot or two further away from the tree. By this operation unproductive fruit trees became completely studded with fruit spurs and afterward bore profusely. This shortening of the roots has been continued in these experiments for twenty years with much success, the circle of roots remaining greatly circumscribed. The best time for the work has been found to be in the latter part of August and beginning of September, when growth has nearly ceased and while the leaves are yet on the trees, causing greater increase of bloom buds the following year than when performed after the leaves have fallen.—*London Garden.*

Common Sense in the Poultry Yard.

Common sense is too often uncommon sense, and there is more truth than novelty in this sentiment in its application to poultry keeping. It is not my intention to criticise nonsensical ways, but to show ways sensible.

The "poultry" that everybody keeps are technically designated "fowls," or "barn-door fowls." As a rule they are kept in small flocks, fed chiefly on what no farmer misses. On most farms a flock of twelve to forty hens will pick up a living without receiving a particle of grain from May to October, including both months. Their food consists of insects, seeds and grass or weeds; they need fresh water besides. What wonder is it that fowls thus kept are demonstrably more profitable than any class of stock, or any crop on the farm.

This is the best way to keep fowls, provided they can be induced to lay where their eggs can be found while fresh. To accomplish this a house of some kind is needed where the fowls may be shut in occasionally for a few days at a time, so as to make them roost and lay in convenient places. If fowls can roost in the trees, lay all over the farm and "dust" themselves in the road, they will almost surely be healthy, lay a great many eggs, and keep in good condition. Besides, every now and then a hen will unexpectedly appear with a brood of ten or a dozen chicks, hatched under some bush where she had "stolen" her nest and done her hatching. That is all very well so far as the hen is concerned, but no one wants it to happen. We wish the hens to lay and sit where we can put what eggs we please under them for hatching—and what is still more important, we wish to be able to collect the eggs for use or for sale daily. A fresh egg is a joy, a delight, a good gift of heaven—a "perfectly good" egg is an abomination. An egg, to be fit to eat, or for sale, must be fresh beyond a peradventure, and utterly untainted with a suspicion of having been brooded or weathered. For this reason it is a most untidy thing to use natural nest-eggs. The nest egg after a while is almost surely gathered, and of course is not "right."—*American Agriculturist.*

Muck.

That muck may be of its greatest value—for it has valuable elements of plant food in its structure—it must be treated or brought into proper condition, so that these important elements may become available to the plants that are to use them. The muck should be dug in the fall, and there is no better time than now, during this dry spell, when the swamps are dry and can be worked to the greatest advantage. It was, in fact, the favorable condition for getting out muck that suggested the writing of this article, and therefore I must dwell upon the leading point. The end to be gained now is to get the muck out of the bed, and to a place where it will be dry when the wet weather comes. A scow or flatboat with heavy runners is one of the best vehicles for drawing the muck, being easily loaded and readily drawn by a yoke of oxen or span of horses. A tramway may in many cases be constructed from the bed to the heap. The muck should be left in the heap during the winter, that it may be acted upon by the frosts, thus bringing it to a fine state, when it is ready for use in the stable as an absorbent of liquid manure. In this way the muck becomes incorporated with the dung, and is improved by the chemical changes that are thereby induced. Muck needs fermentation, and if it can play the part of a holder or absorbent of liquid manure while undergoing the fermentation so much the better. The natural course for muck that the greatest good may be obtained from it is from the bed to the heap; from the weathered heap to the stable or compost heap, with fermenting dung, or both, and finally to the land. Muck treated in this way has been known to pay good returns for the labor expended upon it, especially upon land where there is a lack of vegetable matter or humus. There are a great many muck beds that it will not pay to work even in this way from a sanitary point of view. I have in mind a bed that was close by the barn and the house — "just the place to have one," the owner said, and counted it fortunate that his muck was so handy. The muck was dug and its place then was soon a pool of stagnant water—a perfect breeding ground of unhealthy odors, with mosquitoes (to counteract the odors of the filth in the bargain). The excavation had to be filled in with soil at a considerable expense, and no more muck is mined on that farm. In many other cases the same fertilizing elements can be procured at less expense in other ways. Muck farming has not always paid, partly because of wrong methods, and in many cases it will not under the best treatment. Study well the whole subject in all its bearings before counting a muck bed as a rich mine that only needs to be worked to bring wealth and prosperity.—*Country Gentleman.*

Recipes.

PUFF PASTE WITH MILK.—Mix with a spoon three-fourths of a pound of butter with one pound of flour, then add milk enough to moisten the whole, so as to roll easily. Do not mold it with the hands at all, or as little as possible, and the crust will be found much nicer made this way than by the old methods requiring more labor.

APPLE TRIFLE.—Scald as many apples as when pulped will cover the dish you design to use to the depth of two or three inches. Before you place them in the dish add to them the rind of half a lemon, grated fine, and sugar to taste. Mix half a pint of milk, half a pint of cream and the yolk of an egg; scald it over the fire, keeping it stirring, and do not let it boil; add a little sugar and let it stand till cold; then lay it over the apples and finish with the cream whip.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Cut the pumpkin into as thin slices as possible, and in stewing it the less water you use the better; stir so that it shall not burn; when cooked and tender stir in two pinches of salt; mash thoroughly and then strain through a sieve; while hot add a tablespoonful of butter for every measured quart of stewed pumpkin, add a quart of warm milk and four eggs, beating yolks and whites separately; sweeten with white sugar and cinnamon and nutmeg to taste, and a saltspoonful of ground ginger. Before putting your pumpkin in your pies it should be scalding hot.

ROAST MEAT.—An old housekeeper writes: I would like to tell "Young Housekeeper" my way of cooking a rib roast, which is a very good piece to bake. Have your butcher take out the ribs and roll up the meat nicely and keep it together by tying a piece of clean cord around it; skewers are in the way and prevent carving nicely. Have your oven about as hot as to bake bread and keep the same heat until the meat is done. A five-pound roast requires three-quarters of an hour in the oven if you like it quite rare. Pepper and salt your meat and put it in the dripping pan without any water or dripping; to be perfect it must be basted with the drip from the meat. When done remove the meat, set the pan on top of the stove and stir in as much flour as you need to thicken the gravy. When brown thin with boiling water.

MOCHA PUDDING.—Beat up the yolks of four eggs with one-quarter pound of powered loaf sugar, add gradually two ounces of flour and two ounces of potato flour, lastly the whites of four eggs whipped to a stiff froth. When the whole is well mixed put it in a buttered plain mold and bake. Turn out the cake when done, and when it is quite cold cover it evenly all over with the following icing, ornamenting it with piping of the icing pushed through a paper cone. This last operation must be done with care, lest the heat of the hand warm the icing. When the cake is finished it should be put in a cold place or on ice till the time of serving. The icing: Take half a pound of fresh butter and a quarter of a pound of powdered loaf sugar, and beat them to a cream in a bowl, adding, drop by drop during the process, half a teacupful of the strongest coffee that can be made.

Paying for the Chickens.

Governor Murray tells a laughable story of his experiences in the Georgia march to the sea, which is worth repeating:

"Speaking of the famous march through Georgia," said the governor, "I never shall forget the amount of money it cost us to keep an old woman from crying herself to death. Of course we had to subsist off the country as we went along, and we naturally took possession of a chicken ranch kept by an old lady, who stood at the front gate with a broom and threatened to lick all of Sherman's forces if they did not move on. Now, chickens were considered as officers' meat, and, as we were hungry, we went for those old hens pretty lively. When she saw that her favorite fowls were being caught and killed she keeled right over and began to cry. Presently she began to scream, and finally you could hear that woman's yells clear to Atlanta. I sent the surgeons in to quiet her, but they failed, and then all the officers took turns, but the more attention paid her the more she howled. I then got pretty nervous over the noise, because the whole army would hear it, and they might suppose somebody was torturing the woman. Finally Sherman rode up and asked what was it all about, and when we told him he said: 'Give her a bushel of Confederate bonds for her hens, and see if that will stop her.' Acting on this hint I proceeded to business. We had captured a Confederate train the day before, with $4,600,000 of Confederate money, and I hunted up the train at once. The money was worth about two cents on the dollar. Well, I stuffed about $500,000 in an old carpet-sack and marched into the house.

"'Madam,' said I, opening the sack, 'I'll give you $50,000 to quit this noise.' It was as still as death in a minute, and then her face expanded in a broad smile. I laid the packages of money on the table, and I never saw such a delighted woman. The effect pleased me, and I continued: 'General Sherman presents his compliments and $100,000.' I never in all my life saw such a pleased old woman, and wound up by dumping the contents of the sack right down on the floor and telling her that when it came to contributions to distressed females I could not be outdone by no man living.

"She invited the officers to supper and she cooked every chicken on the ranch and set out cider as free as water. We were having a pretty good time when a long, lank old coon came in, and she said it was her husband. Pretty soon his eye fell on the money.

"'Sarah,' said he, 'where in the deuce did you get all this truck?'

"'A present from General Sherman,' said she.

"'Tain't worth a continental cent. They're kindlin' fires with it down at New Orleans.'

"The old woman rose up, her face as white as your shirt front, and her eye wasn't pleasant to meet.

"'So you are the bilk that gave me this, are you?' she called out, reaching for the old broom.

"The entire mess rose and started from that house. We never heard any more of her, and there isn't a man of the crowd who would meet that old woman for all that Confederate money, if it would bring 100 cents on the dollar at the treasury department, Washington."

A Cheap Binding.

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says: I have bound twenty volumes in this way: Pack the papers smoothly, hold firmly and drive a thin chisel through the pile about half an inch from the back. Push a strong tape through and leave out about two inches; put three or four tapes through at even intervals. Cut common thick paper boards large enough to project a little everywhere, except that one edge must come front of the tapes. Draw the tapes tightly and glue down to the boards outside. Skive a piece of leather—common sheepskin will answer—wide enough to cover the back and come on the boards an inch or two, and long enough to project a couple of inches at the end. Paste the leather well; put it on the back; fold the ends in so as to come over the boards on each side. Paste any fancy or plain paper over the sides; and, lastly, paste the blank leaf down to the cover inside, and you have a presentable book and very durable. Trimming the edges can be easily done by clamping between boards and cutting the edges with a thin, sharp knife by a straight-edge. Of course, this is done before the boards are put on after the tapes are in. This makes a flat-edge book, but for a thin book answers very well.

HANDWRITING.

Some Curious Facts About Letters and Manuscripts.

"Yes, I am an expert, if you call one an expert who has passed fourteen years of his life poring over specimens of handwriting with a magnifying glass. In that time a blind man would know something about the peculiarities of penmanship."

This was the remark of Mr. Henry Sevier, whose home is in Philadelphia, where he combines the avocations of a conveyancer and a writing expert, and it has frequently happened in the last few years that he has been called on to make long journeys through the country to aid in determining the genuineness of handwriting.

"Are there many experts in the country?"

"No; there are generally one or two in each large city who have taken up the study of handwriting for the pleasure and interest which they find in it, but as far as real experts go I don't think that there are more than three in America; the others are amateurs—amateurs certainly with considerable knowledge, but still only amateurs."

"What is the first step you take when a piece of forged writing is submitted to you?"

"I must have also some of the genuine writing of the person whose name has been forged, and, if possible, some too of the person who is suspected of having committed the crime."

"And then?"

"And then comes a microscopic comparison of all three. The first step is to determine whether or not the name is crooked. Now I suppose you understand—everybody understands—that handwriting is peculiar and distinctive. But no one but those who have dug in handwriting all their lives know how very peculiar and distinctive it is. The oak and the hickory have different leaves, but those leaves are not more different than Smith's Bs and Jones' Bs, and supposing a fraudulent oak wished to produce a leaf which would be mistaken for a hickory leaf it might possibly throw off an imitation whose shape would be all right, but whose veins would be all wrong—that is what we judge by; it is the inner motive. One man may write your name so that it will deceive a bank cashier or a probate court, but he cannot do it so that it will deceive me."

"And how do you judge?"

"Well, let me illustrate. Here is a sheet of paper written by a copying clerk; you see the same machine-made letters over and over again. To your eye there is nothing individual about it at all, for the reason that you go hunting for those little marks and flourishes with which people seek to individualize their writing—that process would be much like trying to recognize a beauty of the regency by the position of her patches. An expert goes first for the capital letters, which were first learned and which contain most of the unconscious individuality of the writer. Notice these Ns, each of them shaped in the center imperceptibly, and ending in a slovenly turn, now up, now down, getting more and more slovenly as the pages go on and the hand tires. See here; he has changed the position of his pen from between the index and thumb to the next two fingers, and the writing, to your eye, is that of another person. But follow those Ns; don't you see they are all the same?'

"Do you believe that character can be read from handwriting?"

"Most assuredly I do—every one does. If you will take a letter from a friend and examine it closely you will see the characteristics of his mind reflected again in the characteristics of his letter. If he is a wild, careless sort of fellow, there will be a wild helter-skelter gallop of the pen over the paper; if he is methodical, accurate and precise there it will be again. I saw a very curious illustration of this some years ago when I was traveling in Ireland. I stopped at Kildare castle and while there was shown letters written by about eight generations of the Fitzgeralds. To an expert the heredity shown in these notes was startling. Of course they were diverse, but there was an under similarity among them all as well marked and recognizable as the Hapsburg nose. From the villainous scratching done by Silken Thomas, down to the civilized steel penmanship of the present earl, the hands were various but alike."

"How do you account for the different styles of penmanship in vogue among different nations?"

"That is a point I was coming to. You can tell a German by his handwriting as readily as by his tongue, or a Frenchman either. Spain and Portugal write as a rule one hand, while Italy writes altogether another, and Greece still a third. There are race distinctions, just as the Fitzgerald hand is a family distinction. Writing divides itself into great groups before it is separable into small ones and into individual units. Take the stiff angular writing of the German where there is but little originality and you see the product of a system. Compare it with the utterly untrammeled hand of America, and we are forming a national hand, and you will see the enormous difference. There is no prettier writing than the cramped but symmetrical hand of the nuns in the French convents. Here, again, after canse look for effect. There is more in the scriveners' art, young gentleman, than is dreamed of in your philosophy."

New York's Growth.

Joe Howard, in one of his letters from New York to the Philadelphia *Times*, says: From Forty-second street to 125th street, between Third and Fifth avenues, there are lines of blocks of houses going up or finished in which monarchs might live if they could afford the expense. Block after block of brown stone houses, four stories high, from eighteen to thirty feet wide, from forty to eighty feet deep, confront the eye. They cost from $25,000 to $60,000 to build, land being worth all the way from $800 to $2,000 a foot. Generally these houses are built to sell. Insurance companies advance from $15,000 to $30,000 on a house, thus enabling the builder to go ahead, trusting to luck and credit to finish the houses, which are then offered for sale and not to rent. Now and then, for the sake of getting the right kind of people on a block, the builder will rent one or two in a block of eight or ten houses, but the price is exorbitant and tenants find that, as the houses were built to sell, there are many little things to be done which cost money, tax patience and cause trouble.

But of that never mind.

The point I wish to make is that New York is growing very fast, and in a way which indicates either speculative fever or marvelous prosperity. If tenants in thousands of houses can afford to pay rentals of from $2,500 to $3,500 a year they must be in pretty comfortable circumstances. You can count on your fingers, or on a backboard, at least 2,000 houses in a given district in which tenants live who pay over $2,000 rent. That means, at a low calculation, $10,000 family expenses a year. Now think of it. How many of your friends ten or twenty years ago could afford $10,000 a year? And didn't you think when you heard of a man's spending $10,000 a year that he was a deuce of a fellow? Of course you did. Well, here they are in thousands. Of course there are hundreds of men who spend five times that sum every year, but they bear no special relation to the prosperity of the general community.

FOR THE LADIES.

German Wives.

Some statistician has discovered that in Germany the best ages for marriage among women are from twenty-five to thirty-five years; that few take place before nineteen, the number slowly increasing until twenty-five is reached, when the high numbers appear, receding after thirty-five. Few German girls marry before nineteen and few after forty. The German girls are taught housekeeping thoroughly, and by the time they marry they are able to take excellent care of a house, relying but little on imported cooks. A German lady's kingdom is her kitchen; her parlor she enjoys, but to display her talent as a pianist or conversationalist she would not sacrifice her ability to appeal to the hungry sentiments of her husband and his friends. Probably if there were more marriages before nineteen there would be less happy homes in Germany and less wives of experience, discretion and good temper.

News and Notes for Women.

Amelia Wells, the queen of the gypsies, is said to be worth $60,000.

Girls of fourteen are sent by Mormon missionaries from Sweden to Utah.

A Michigan woman has gone to England to bring back 800 servant girls.

The Philadelphia School of Art Needlework receives "workers," charging them $10 for a course of lessons, and paying them by the square inch for their work.

Mamie Richards, a Wisconsin schoolmistress, is to have a medal because she walked daily to and from her school, through five miles of dense forest, in which were prowling wolves.

Miss Abby T. Pierce, seventy-five years old, raveled the stockings made from the fleece of "Mary's Little Lamb," and arranged bits of it on pieces of card to sell at the Old South fair in Boston, earning thereby $150.

The empress of Austria is a woman of simple habits, but she nevertheless spends a great deal of money. It is said that her last hunting trip to England cost $200,000. She smokes a great many cigarettes, practices gymnastics regularly, and rises at 5 o'clock in the morning.

Moorish woman dress very gayly in their homes, but when they appear in the public streets they are enveloped in white muslin or calico from head to foot and glide along like ghosts, thick, white veils covering their faces. In private life they are fond of gorgeous coloring.

A pretty anecdote about Queen Christina of Spain is related by Mrs. Lucy Hooper in the Philadelphia *Telegraph*. A short time ago a foreign lady of rank, who was conversing with her majesty respecting Spanish manners and customs, asked the queen how she could endure to sit through a bull-fight. "Ah!" said Dona Christina, "you know I am very near-sighted, and whenever I go to a bull-fight I always forget to take my eyeglasses with me."

Fashion Notes.

Balayeuses remain in vogue.

Bridal roses are again in vogue.

All midwinter wraps are very long.

Moire is again used as half mourning.

Two box plaits form the back of new skirts.

Leopard plush is worn by young women and children.

The new colored ties are finished with chenille fringes and embroideries.

The muffs matching the bonnet, and fantastically trimmed with anything that one has in the house, will be carried this winter.

New linen colors have long points in front, and needlework borders; although sometimes they are nearly covered with embroidery and edged with lace.

Full triple-plaited fraises are in vogue, made after the fashion of the ruffles in portraits around the neck of Sir Walter Raleigh. They are called "Raleigh cuffs."

New shoes of silk velvet for evening wear are laced up the fronts with slender cords of gold or silver, and the toes are covered with embroidery worked in silver or gold threads.

Velour ottoman silk is a novel dress fabric which promises to be very popular for bridal and evening costumes. It comes only in white and very delicately tinted shades of color.

Half-fitting paletots of plain dark cloth, more especially of a dark green tint, are very fashionable for the autumn season. They have no trimming beside large fancy buttons.

Carriage and traveling shawls of camel's hair beaver in plain colors, with gay plaid linings, are a novelty; so are velvet beaver shawls, gray on one side and black on the other, with bright borders.

Among high novelties in plush are the Siberian bullion plushes for cloaks and trimmings. This material often costs as high as $35 per yard, and shows a very heavy pile pointed with either silver or gold flecks.

The last extravagance in French hose is a new stocking of cream white lace in open work designs to be worn over another one of spun silk tinted a flesh color. The lace stockings cost twenty-five dollars a pair.

Rich moire antique, such as delighted the stately dames of olden times, is to be a favorite material for bridal dresses this winter. The new moire fabrics, however, show smaller wave than the watered material formerly manufactured.

Sausage Made from Horseflesh.

That popular delicacy, Cervelat-wurst, or brain sausage, has lately been the occasion of a prosecution at Dusseldorf. It was proved that a certain specimen of this article contained horseflesh, and the prosecution asked for the punishment of the fabricator under the provisions of the new law against the adulteration of food, May, 1879. The defendant made no concealment of the matter. His sausages, he boldly confessed, were composed of two-thirds horseflesh and one-third of bacon, with the addition of the necessary herbs and spices. He said that he freely told this to every one who wished to know what they contained. After citing an opinion on behalf of horseflesh, he declared that good Cervelat-wurst could not be prepared from any other animal. The famous Gotha and Brunswick Cervelat sausages, he said, were invariably made with horseflesh. The Italian "Salami," as many have probably learned in Italy, is prepared with donkey-flesh. The sausages of this Dusseldorf fabricator are sent to many of the best known houses in Germany. The use of horseflesh has increased so very largely in recent years that one is by no means certain that at a table d'hote whether he may not be partaking of it under some deceptive nomenclature. It was asserted at the trial, and was not contradicted, that the dainty little Vienna sausages at the Dusseldorf exhibition were made of horseflesh. The court declared that the charge of adulteration was not proved, and the defendant may now manufacture horse-sausages without fear of punishment and with a quiet conscience.

When others are suffering, drop a word of kindness and sympathy. If they are suffering from a Cold give them Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; a few doses of this valuable remedy will afford instant relief, and a twenty-five cent bottle will cure the worst cough.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Lacquering gives tin and articles covered with silver-leaf the appearance of brass.

Blistered steel is made by exposing layers of bar iron and carbon to the action of heat.

A stationary engine of two hundred horse power requires in one hour 1,100 pounds of coal.

Phosphorus, when perfectly pure, is a colorless, transparent body, soft as wax and easily cut with a knife.

The elevation of the tide at St. Malo amounts to fifty feet, while on the Norwegian coast it is hardly perceptible.

It requires twice as much heat to raise water to a given temperature as it does to bring oil of turpentine to the same point.

An ounce of silver covered with eight grains of gold has been drawn out into 13,000 feet of wire, covered through its entire length with an unbroken coating of gold.

In Leipsic lately some experiments were made with a cuirass made of a newly invented preparation of steel, which seems to present great resistance to missiles. The metal was only three-fiftieths of an inch in thickness, and the inside of the cuirass was lined with a thin layer of wool. The entire weight of the piece of armor, which was intended to protect only the heart and lungs, was two pounds and a half; but of eleven rounds of ball cartridge fired at the cuirass at a distance of 175 yards, although eight of the bullets struck it, only two penetrated the metal, and these were found to be flattened and retained in the woolen lining.

Cowper's Hymn.

Cowper's beautiful hymn, "God Moves in a Mysterious Way," was universally sung in the recent memorial services to our late President. By order of Bishop Littlejohn it fomed part of the services in all the Episcopal churches of Long Island. No hymn could have been written more appropriately for the occasion. There is a sublime sermon in that composition; every verse, aye, every couplet and line can furnish a text for an entire discourse. There is something interesting and pathetic in the origin and composition of this hymn which is not generally known, nor have I ever seen it mentioned in the biographies or sketches of the life of the author. It was told me by an old clergyman who was well acquainted with the circumstance. Cowper, it will be remembered, was of a melancholy turn of mind, and his mind became morbid on the subject of religion. In fact, at times he had fits of insanity. In London, while ruminating on the uselessness of human life, he was seized with the sudden impulse to destroy himself—to go at once and drown himself. He ordered a hackney coach to be brought to the door. When it arrived he rushed downstairs and into it without giving orders where it was to be driven. Waiting some little time, the driver asked where he would like to be taken to. "To the Thames." The manner and look in which these words were uttered convinced the driver, who appears to have had more than the usual intelligence of men of his class, that his occupant was deranged. He drove off, but not to the river where Cowper had ordered him. He drove up one street and down another for a long time, while Cowper sat back in his seat in mental abstraction, which convinced the driver that he was crazy. After a long, roundabout drive he drove up to the poet's lodgings and told him he had arrived "where he was ordered." Cowper descended from the vehicle, entered the house and went to his room. Then in his returning consciousness the truth of the entire transaction entered his mind, and he found that he had not seen the river at all, nor had he drowned himself, as he intended when he left the chamber two hours before. In this he saw the hand of Providence, and immediately composed the hymn:

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.

Which will be sung as long as hymns are sung in religious worship.—*New York Mail.*

"One Stew."

A finicky, fussy, round little man stepped up to the first waiter in a new oyster saloon in Sixth avenue and said:

"Have you got any really nice, fresh, good oysters?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not too fat, you know—but not too thin, either; I want them just exactly right, and I want them perfectly fresh."

"How will you have them—half shell?"

"Stop a moment," said the little man. "If you have got just the right kind in just the right condition, please take a half a pint of small ones (not too small, you know), and strain the juice off them carefully, leaving just a little juice on them; put them in a pan which has been scoured and dried, and then add a little butter (good, pure butter) and a little milk (not New York milk, but real country cow's milk), and then place the pan over a coal fire and be careful to keep the pan in motion, so as not to let the oysters or the milk burn; add a little juice if you choose, and then watch the pan closely, so that the exact moment it comes to a boil you can whip it off. At the same time have a deep dish warming near at hand, and when you see the first signs of boiling, empty the pan into the dish. Do you think you can remember that?"

"One stew!" the waiter called out.

The Perils of Balloonists.

Professor Wise, the balloonist, said to a Philadelphia *Times* reporter: "On September 22, 1859, La Mountain and Haddock made an ascension from Watertown, N. Y., and were lost for ten days. They were finally found by some Indians in Canada, 300 miles due north of Watertown, where they started. King made an ascension from Buffalo some years ago, and when night came on he found he was over Lake Erie. It grew dark suddenly, so King threw over a drag-rope 1,500 feet long, and anchored over the lake. He lay in the car of his balloon all night. At daybreak he hauled up his anchor, and a few hours later landed on the edge of the water. I've been in the business for thirty years," continued Professor Wise, "but I've been singularly fortunate. I was lost in a dense forest some years ago, about fifteen miles from Hazleton, in Luzerne county. After I cut my way out of the woods I found some miners, and they helped me get my balloon. I made an ascension from Newburyport, Mass., once, when I had to jump from the car on to Plum Island sand bar, and my balloon went 500 miles out to sea. An incoming whaler sighted the balloon, which had dropped on to the ocean, and they lay to until morning and captured the air ship and brought it into Newburyport and claimed salvage to the amount of $200."

[Evansville (Ind.) Journal.]

Mr. Frank S. Mueller, 925 W. Franklin street, cited to a *Journal* reporter the case of Mr. Henry Rhenick, who for four years suffered with Rheumatism, which was cured by the use of two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil.

Queen Victoria's children stand in great awe of her. They were on far easier terms with their father, whom they adored.

Humors of the Treasury Department.

A recent Washington letter says: An old gentleman from the interior of Ohio arrived here a few days ago with $17,000 in United States six per cent. bonds which he purchased in 1861 and which were called in July last. He first visited the loan division, where he said he came to obtain gold for his bonds as he had paid gold for them. When told that a draft on the United States treasury was as good as gold he insisted upon the gold, and would not listen to any explanation regarding an equivalent in another form. To-day, a little before noon, he appeared with a large leather valise in which he carried off the full amount of his claim in $20 gold pieces, weighing in all about seventy-five pounds. He became very much provoked with Treasurer Gilfillan when that officer endeavored to persuade him to accept drafts and to have them cashed when he reached home, reiterating that he came here for gold and declining to take anything else. He staggered under his heavy load as far as Assistant Treasurer Wyman's room, where he expressed a wish to count his treasure before leaving town. A room was assigned to him for that purpose. After the entire amount had been carefully counted and found to be correct, the old gentleman was persuaded to express the coin to his home. During the time he was engaged in counting the money a city detective who had been summoned kept watch over the bag.

A number of United States bonds, amounting to $800, and several United States notes, aggregating in value about $150, were received at the treasury department this morning, accompanied by an unsigned note; requesting that the whole be placed to the credit of the conscience fund. The sender, evidently intent upon defacing the bonds so effectually that they could never be used, cut them into strips. The bonds, therefore, cannot be identified, hence the object for which the owner intended them is defeated. None of the numbers of the bonds were found upon them, having all been cut off. The package will be retained at the department until the other bonds and notes are received, or until the owner calls for its return. The package came from Cincinnati.

What's in a Name.

[New York Spirit of the Times.]

Ex Governor Bowie, of Maryland, the owner of the famous race-horse Crickmore, while pleasantly chatting with the managing partner of a heavy advertising firm in Baltimore, was somewhat surprised by the question addressed to him, whether he would be willing to grant the privilege of rechristening his favorite horse for the sum of $5,000. The offer, certainly a tempting one, was courteously and thankfully declined. It is hardly necessary to suggest that if the proposition had been accepted, the great Crickmore would for the future add new and brighter luster to the fame and popularity of St. Jacobs Oil.

In Washington eight men are kept busy in a photographic gallery making portraits of Guiteau for sale.

[Fond du Lac Commonwealth.]

Mr. S. Clark, one of Fond du Lac's oldest citizens, states: I have used St. Jacobs Oil and am well satisfied that it is a splendid article to relieve pain, and that very quickly.

The glucose product of this country is said to be over one million pounds a day.

Bogus Certificates.

It is no vile drugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, etc., and puffed up by long bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well-known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See "Truths" and "Proverbs," in another column.

NINETY-FIVE per cent. of the surface of Iowa is arable land.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with bleeding of the lungs, followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half-dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when, to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past. I write this hoping every one afflicted with diseased lungs will take DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness.

WARRANTED FOR 34 YEARS

AND NEVER FAILED

To CURE Croup, Spasms, Diarrhœa, Dysentery and Sea Sickness, taken internally, and GUARANTEED perfectly harmless; also externally, Cuts, Bruises, Chronic Rheumatism, Old Sores, Pains in the limbs, back and chest. Such a remedy is DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT.

☞ No one once trying it will ever be without it; over 600 physicians use it.

25 Cents will Buy a Treatise upon the Horse and his Diseases. Book of 100 pages. Valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent postpaid by NEW YORK NEWSPAPER UNION, 150 Worth Street, New York.

GOING WEST—Do you want to learn all about Dakota—the wonderland—its crops, climate and people? Send $1 for 40-col. weekly newspaper 6 mos. Land laws and map of Territory. *"Herald,"* Alexandria, Dakota.

Garfield and Family, elegant engraving, 19x24. Sent for 24 (stamps). Sheehy & Co., 39 Barclay St., N. Y.

Vegetine

WILL CURE CANCER

Proof! Proof! Proof!

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.:

Dear Sir—About two years ago a cancer made its appearance on my face, left side of my nose. When I first noticed it, 'twas about the size of a pin-head (very small). It increased in size, and spread on my face until it became as large as a common cent. I tried all kinds of remedies, and advice from a physician. It was spreading and eating into my flesh very fast. I was very much alarmed. I went to see a physician who cured cancers; he did not give me much encouragement. It pained me very much; I suffered night and day. It would bleed at times very profusely. Everything was done that could be to try to cure the cancer. My brother had a cancer on his lip; he submitted to an operation, being well discouraged. I was one day at Mr. Woodberry's apothecary store, of this town. He gave me your pamphlet, containing many cures by the use of Vegetine. I found on page 19 where Vegetine had cured a cancer on a lady's nose. I then bought a bottle of your Vegetine, and it proved a great blessing to me; I could see good effects from it right away. After taking three bottles it stopped the spreading of the cancer about the edges; it checked the eating into my flesh. I could see it was gradually healing. I kept on taking Vegetine, the cancer slowly disappearing, until I had taken sixteen bottles and it completely cured it. It has left a large scar on one side of my nose; and I feel it my duty to recommend Vegetine to all like sufferers, as it is certainly a great "Blood Purifier." I am now sixty-three years of age, and Vegetine has greatly improved my general health. Yours most respectfully,

WM. P. CLEAVES,
34 Federal St., Beverly, Mass.

We, whose names are annexed, can testify to the above, as Mr. Cleaves is an old resident of this town.

C. WOODBERRY, Apoth'y,
HERBERT & SMITH,
A. GLIDDEN,
RICHARD PEDRICK,
ANDREW J. EATON,
GEO. S. MILLETT.

Vegetine.

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Two Brave Women.

Anne Guirand's recent death at Bordeaux, in her sixty-ninth year, recalls to the survivors of the Algerian war of forty years ago the decoration she received for heroic conduct in battle. A French captain, in the field near her, was about to be cut down by a half-dozen Arabs, when she rushed to his side and called for help just in time to save him. The general in command was so much touched by the personal bravery that he removed from his own person his Cross of the Legion of Honor and placed it upon the breast of this woman. She was a cantiniere, and it is recalled that another Frenchwoman, engaged in the same occupation during the Franco-Prussian war, was rewarded in like manner for bravery in battle. A bridge was about to be captured by the Prussians, when she rushed forward, and by her strong appeal to the French soldiers rallied their courage so that in a few moments they drove back the Prussians. At the same time a one-armed soldier captured a prisoner from the enemy, and as only one decoration was to be awarded, the choice lay between him and the woman. It was decided by the officer in command that his men should vote upon the question, and with one accord they cried: "La cantiniere! la cantiniere!"

Only Half Alive.

There are hosts of men and women who, to coin a phrase, are only half alive. That is to say, they have seldom if ever any appetite, are nervous, weak, fidgetty and troubled by numberless small pains and aches. In the presence of vigorous, exuberant vitality they seem mere pigmies. Such persons are usually fond of dosing themselves, swallowing in the course of the year enough drugs to stock any apothecary's shop of average dimensions. This, of course, defeats instead of furthering the end in view, viz., the recovery of health and vigor. If they to seek it from an unfailing source of vitality, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, how different would be their case. Then vigor would return to their debilitated frames, the glow of health to their wan cheeks, their trembling, uncertain gait would grow firm and elastic, appetite, that grandest of all sauces, would give a relish for the daily food, were it ever so coarse, and refreshing sleep would crown the tasks of the day.

PHILADELPHIA and New York are connected by more telegraph wires than any other two cities in the world, the number being 110.

Ladies, Delicate and Feeble.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity, driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special causes of periodical pain are permanently removed. Will you heed this? See "Truths."

A MARKET woman in Peoria, Illinois, being detected in giving short measure, was fined, and from intense chagrin committed suicide.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the FERRO PHOSPHORATED ELIXIR OF CALISAYA BARK, made by Caswell, Hazard & Company, New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

25 Cents Will Buy

a Treatise upon The Horse and his Diseases. Book of 100 pages. Valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent postpaid by New York Newspaper Union, 150 Worth Street, New York.

☞ Pocket Scale, 25c. Howard Mfg Co., N. Y.

VEGETINE.—This preparation is scientifically and chemically combined, and so strongly concentrated from roots, herbs and barks, that its good effects are realized immediately after commencing to take it.

Don't Die in the House.

Ask Druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bed-bugs. 15c.

The only hope of bald heads—CAROLINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum. Every objection removed by recent improvement. It is now faultless. The only cure for baldness, and the most delicate hair dressing known.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

(This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.)

A STANDARD REMEDY

IN MANY HOMES.

For Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis and all other affections of the Throat and LUNGS, it stands unrivaled and utterly beyond all competition.

IN CONSUMPTIVE CASES

It approaches so near a specific that "Ninety-five" per cent. are permanently cured where the directions are strictly complied with. There is no chemical or other ingredients to harm the young or old.

AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL!
**IT CONTAINS NO OPIUM IN ANY FOR